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THE LANDLUBBERS

BY GERTRUDE KING

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

I lingered in my stateroom till late in the afternoon, and then I heard the stealthy, soft unlocking of a door. The sound made me shiver—it seemed so long since I had listened to any noise, save Dick's restless murmur, which was not of my own making, and I lingered a moment to convince myself that I was not dreaming, then ran out into the corridor—only in time to follow Dick as he lurched by, pale, glassy-eyed, shivering in every limb, chattering busily to himself. I ran after him, cried to him, caught at him, but he shook me off and managed to gain the deck. At the rail I caught him, held him, twisting my hands in his clothing, flinging my whole weight upon him. He tried, very politely, to loosen my clasp.

"Beg pardon, but mus' 'scuse m'self—have 'gagement, mos' 'portant 'ngagement—"

"Dick—Dick—it's me—Polly!"

"Glad t' meet you, Polly! Seem nice person—so won't intrude, 'm sure—g'way now—" and once more he tried climb upon the rail. I am not a big woman, but I am a strong one, and I flung myself upon him. There, between the chill gray sky, now dripping a thin rain, we fought a horrid battle. I hung my whole weight upon him, forcing him down upon the slippery deck, striking him, tearing his hair, biting him—till at last a look of real terror rose in his glassy eyes and he let lead him back to his stateroom.

He lay down meekly in his berth, as I bade him and a light of recognition came into his eyes. "Don't leave me, Polly! I want to go to sleep—an' can't—an' am 'fraid go t' sleep alone—Oh, Polly, Polly, dear—make me go to sleep!"

I was very anxious; he was feverish, deadly sick, hunted by all sorts of terrors—it was plain that he must be quieted. I rose to go in search of a remedy, but he clutched desperately at my hands and clothing, his pale hands and face glistening with the sweat of fear and bodily weakness. I wrenched myself free and left him, locking him in.

I did not know how to find the doctor's cabin, so I rummaged the staterooms. In the fifth or sixth I found a small silver object which I guessed to be a hypodermic syringe, but I had neither anything to charge it with nor the knowledge of how to use it, so I put it by—wondering at the confusion of the infatuated owner at finding himself, if he still lived, afloat upon the wide seas with no sensations at hand save those provided by the beneficence of Nature and Fortune.

In another room I found a two-ounce bottle of laudanum nearly half full. Following the directions on the label, I mixed a strong dose, and went back to Dick.

He was crouching upon the floor, weeping with terror. As I entered, he cried out, and crept toward me, and hid his face against my skirt. "Keep 'em away!" he sobbed. "Oh, Polly, dearie, keep 'em away—don't let 'em touch me!"

"Don't let what touch you?"

"The mice—the little red mice—runnin' all about—their feet sting—oh, my God!"

I knelt beside him, and drew his pitiful, ghastly, tear-wet face against my shoulder.

"Don't be frightened, darling—they're ever so afraid of me! They don't dare come near me!"

He clung to me, shuddering. "Oh, it's Polly—Polly—and you're so nice and warm!"

I soothed him, trying to keep back my tears. He was inexpressibly dear in his pitiful abandonment, and for a little while I was almost glad that we were alone, that no man's eye might behold him so abashed and piteous. Then a sudden fright of what it meant poured over me, chilling me through and through, as the ship rocked with a longer lurch in the trough of the rising sea.

Trembling, I rose, and made him loose his clasp of me, and lie down again in his berth. I covered him warmly and gave him the laudanum to drink.

"I know what that is," he murmured heavily, "it's dope—best thing going. Say, Polly, don't leave me, that's a good girl."

"Not till you are asleep." I sat on a pile of cushions beside the berath and petted him till he slept. As soon as his eyes closed I removed from the stateroom every glass, bottle, mirror, or any other thing with which he might do himself an injury, locked the door, and went on deck.

The sky was a sharp leaden gray, without a single break in its evil expanse, and the sea rolled in strong, regular waves, as green as malachite, and laced with white. They were not high, but there was something sinister in their swiftness and the persistent rhythm of their succession, like the triumphant march of an insolent army sure of its victory. The wind came in shrieking gusts from the northwest.

I sank down on the deck in as sheltered a spot as I could find, and tried to think things out, but in a little while I gave it up—there was nothing to be done; we were caught, trapped, held for death as contemptuously and surely as trapped vermin. We could only wait.

Sometimes it seemed that the soul of the great ship was with us, that she groaned in sullen protest as she lay, taking the wind on her side, refusing to be driven away from her course out into the wilderness of the sea. Yet the trough in which she lay was deceptive, I knew; rising and falling regularly as the breast of a sleeping child, every pulsation slipped her a little farther on, away from the warm, safe, crowded highroad, away from the sight and sound of her kind * * * and of humankind.

Yet I was so strong, so vigorously alive that I could not, even now, believe myself doomed irrevocably; the very fact that I was made the last thing seem impossible, incredible. Even now, on the lonely deck, in the gray of the night and the wind, while the hungry sea snarled just below, I felt in my inmost heart that my hour was not yet.

I was, however, very tired and overwrought. The fresh air had calmed me, but it could not make me oblivious of all the awful hours that had just passed. I stumbled sleepily within, down the stair, along the corridor, and fell into my berth, and was at once dreamlessly asleep.

I did not wake till the early dawn. I do not think that I should have waked then but for the cold and the increasing motion of the ship, which no longer merely rolled or pitched, but lunged crazily, now to this side, now to that, making everything within her tremble, and strain and crack. When I rose, I found the slant of the deck a little more marked. I hastily rearranged my clothing—for I had been too tired to undress the night before—and ran up to the deck.

It was raining now, and the wind, strong and chill, blew more steadily from the northwest. A panic terror seized me, and I felt, all at once, the horror of being alone, of being the only sentient being in all that cold desert of wind and tumbling green water. I was even, in my fear, rather angry at Dick for "leaving me," as I mentally phrased it, "alone so long." I filled a pail with sea-water and went below, staggering awkwardly along the narrow, tilted passages, to Dick's stateroom.

When I unlocked the door, he was still asleep. I shook him, cried out to him, but I could not wake him. Growing frightened, I flung the cold sea-water over his head and chest, and at last he struggled up, gasping, cursing—but, thank God, awake and himself at last, though still ghastly pale and heavy-eyed.

"Wha'—wha's masser?"

"Everything's the matter. I need you—dress and come out."

"But—but—I'm not well."

"No matter; you must get up!" I commanded. He scrambled out of his tumbled berth, and stood, lurching, leaning against the upper berth, his face hidden in his arms.

I laid a hand upon his arm. "Put on some dry clothes, Dick, darling—and do hurry, I'm so frightened."

"Frightened!" moaned Dick, his face still hidden. But something in his voice made my heart leap up with joy, for it was once more the voice, shamed and husky, perhaps, but still the voice of my own Dick.

I left him, and went to the galley and with much trouble built a fire and made some coffee. While I was at work he passed the door on his way to the deck, but for the present I had no fear for him. When he came down for his coffee he was fresh and cheerful, though very pale and somewhat shamefaced and intensely nervous, with shaking hands, twitching shoulders and restless eyes. But his hair was crisped and wet with sea-water, and his dress was very trim and neat, though he was not shaved.

"It's rather rough on deck," said he.

"Rather," and I poured the coffee. His eyes were full of longing, and very timid. I went to him and put my hands on his shoulders. "You haven't said 'Good morning' yet, Dickie dear."

"Oh, Polly—Polly——"

"Hush, little boy!"

While we were at breakfast we discussed what the weather office euphemistically calls the "probabilities," and, thence, the ways and means. We felt, rather than knew, that more water had been shipped, for there was an unwonted heaviness in the motion of the ship, and it behooved us to prepare for things that as yet we would not name. As a result, when he had breakfasted we betook ourselves to the refrigerating-room to bring up what supplies we could save.

We were none too soon, for we found the place, even on the starboard side, knee deep in water, and a man falling unawares might have been drowned there. To port he might have swum. Dick took off his shoes and socks and waded into the foul, slippery, chilly hole. Down on this deck the cold and damp and the closeness combined turned us nearly sick, but we worked till well into the afternoon, bringing pieces of raw meat, baskets of vegetables, and chunks of ice to the upper deck. Dick would not let me set foot in the slimy wash of sea water and bilge, but nevertheless by the afternoon we were both wet to the skin and unspeakably cold and dirty and weary. We had stowed the foodstuffs in all sorts of places, thrown overboard a great deal, and had filled every available pail and tub and kettle with the ice.

We toiled upstairs again, for the last time, and sank down, side by side, on the top step. "What do you think is the matter?" I ventured to ask.

"I think the engine-room bulkhead has given way—nothing more."

"And we're no worse off?"

He shook his head. "So far as I can see, not much—at least, for the present. We're no more likely to sink—all that depends on that blessed forward bulkhead." He turned on me, white with fatigue, shivering with the wet, and clapped his hand on mine. "We'll ride it out yet, dearie—mark me!—D' you want to bet on it?"

I laughed drearily. "No more betting on this voyage!"

"Not even a sandwich? Oh, darling, I am hungry!"

We ate a very sketchy and heterogeneous luncheon, and then I left him, to rest and put on dry clothing. When I came on deck, late in the afternoon, he was before me, leaning upon the taffrail and looking with grave eyes out upon the sea, whose slow leaden waves were touched here and there by the straight rays of the sullen, sinking sun.

I came silently beside him, and slipped my hand into his. The hard northwest wind still blew cold upon us.

"It's eleven days now," he said at last. We were both thinking the same thing.

"No, twelve."

"No, eleven—yes, you're right, twelve days out."

"And so much wind—it is not usual, is it, for the time of year?" And then I had a vision of the hideous classroom in Public School Number 18, and of a tired, nervous little Paulina trying to elucidate the mysteries of tides, currents and "prevailing westerlies" to the sealed intelligences of the sixth grade. Well, at worst, I was freed from the sixth grade, even though it was to be by means of a prevailing westerly!

"——— not usual from the northwest," Dick was saying. There was no use in saying anything more, so we went below and made dinner ready.

The morning was a strange, wan thing of silver-white skies flecked by scudding black clouds, and an inky sea fretted over with trailing foam. But during the day the wind fell, and there followed three lovely calm days of soft blue sky and opalescent sea, in which, had we been free from care, we might have been wildly happy out of the sheer joy of being in so beautiful a world. As things were, however, we were not very unhappy, for we had hope and our love for each other, and no amount of anxiety could keep us from being fascinated by what lay about us. We once met a school of whales, huge, innocent, gamboling creatures. They followed us for several hours, playing the maddest games leaping till their huge bodies were outlined against the shining water, plunging under our torn hull to emerge with a splendid rush far out on the other side, sending up delicate fountains of spray to glisten in the sunshine, sinking suddenly out of sight—once we thought we had lost them, but an hour later the whole herd reappeared about us as by magic and treated us to another gigantic game of romps. There were dolphins, too, and a pretty flock of flying fish, too soon dispersed by the arrival of a cruel, upright back-fin.

That back-fin followed us for nearly a whole day; sometimes it sank, and we saw the gleam of a vivid white belly, as the petrels rose in a fluttering, screaming cloud.

And we drifted every southeast.

We had become very idle. We spent the hours on deck reading a little, talking a great deal, but sitting silent, hand in hand, for many an hour. Whenever it was possible we were together; save at night, when we were driven apart to seek sleep, were never separated. And I, at least, was fairly happy, for each hour of our exile taught me a deeper love for Dick—Dick, with all his faults and weaknesses—had I not faults and weaknesses of my own? And the growth of my great love for him kept alive in me, for in the silent depth of my soul I knew that Dick and I were made to love each other, to help each other, to live together, in trust, in passion, in patience, and in mutual honor.

And we drifted ever southeast—south-southeast.

IV.

There came a morning when waking very early, I crept on deck to watch the golden dawn. The long rays stole along the quiet, waiting sea, brightening and deepening as they came toward our maimed and lonely hull. And then something else crept up out of the southeastern horizon, at first a mere darkening of the face of the waters—a something that was not the sea.

I watched for a few breathless moments, then I rushed below and pounded madly on Dick's door.

"Come out!" I cried. "It's land—land!"

Dick answered only by a single shout, but I heard him stumbling about, swearing with eagerness. At last he came out, and we went swiftly up to the deck, now bright with the full, golden rays of the young day.

The dark line had not risen above the horizon, it had only broadened, eating up more of the sea. "Look! That's what I meant!" I said, disappointed, though I knew not why.

And still Dick did not speak, and I clutched his arm, unable to bear his silence longer. He gently freed himself, his face white and wet. "That's not land, dear," said he; "it's weed! We're in the Saragasso Sea. Look here!" He pointed downward into the water, and I, looking, beheld its jewel-like purity befouled by trails and blotches of brown and drab, and mustard color, which floated and lipped and licked greedily along our tortured hull.

It was so. We had drifted into the last resting place of derelicts, the great mid-sea graveyard, where they lie in peace till they rot and rust to utter death, and sink into the rank green depths to make a stranger, more diversified playground for the small fry of the ocean. For this place, which is the death-chamber and graveyard of the man-made ships, is the cradle and nursery of the ocean folk. The back-fin, the huge yawning bulk, the voracious jaws, dare not come here; the sea-forest would prove a very death-trap for the mighty preying creatures. But here drift the spawn of the sea, to be safely sheltered till they go forth to prey in their turn.

But first and foremost was this the grave of ships, and so I saw it for us. The matted tendrils would twine and cling and lengthen about our battered screws, anchoring us faster than any cable. There would a time of waiting—days or weeks or months or years—and the small fry would scare and scatter, and cluster again as our poor hulk shuddered for the last time and sank, and then a few more white bones would wash into the tangle of the forest of the sea.

We saw it all in a heart-searching silence, and each knew that the other saw it, and yet, in spite of the bitter communion it was is if something had fallen between us, cutting us off from each other. Our hearts had sunk beneath hope, almost beneath desire, and we knew something of the solitude of the death hour. Here, in the midst of our dark and silent sea, even love seemed trivial for the moment, a thing left behind, flung aside without a parting thought, as we drifted in and in——

The sky was softly blue, the wind had sunk to a mere breath, the petrels had left us. The sea itself looked strange and filthy, and I felt the same angry scorn for it that might be felt at the sight of a fearful and mighty foe surprised in the midst of a debauch. Here the sea was its realer self; it was idling, at peace within itself; it was no more the magnificent enemy nor the health-bringer of the land. Here it diverted itself, it loafed, it took its ease, lounging and waiting for carrion.

We went below, and made a pretense of breakfasting; clearing away afterward with unusual precision and finish, so as not to have to go on deck again. Presently I missed Dick; he had vanished without a word.

I went to the sideboard in the saloon where I had put what weapons I had gathered up, and searched till I found a loaded revolver. And then I went to Dick's stateroom, and without knocking, flung the door wide.

He stood with his back to the door, pouring some whisky into a glass. At the opening of the door he started and wheeled round, dead-white, his face twitching into strange grimaces. He still clutched the bottle, but the glass fell against the berth and broke, and the rank odor of the spirit rose against the damp closeness of the cabin. Judging from the contents of the bottle, it would have been a second or third drink. Besides, in a few moments his face had regained its natural color and his hands were steady.

"What do you want, Polly?" he asked gently.

I raised the revolver. "I want you to promise me to stop! If you don't—I'll—shoot!"

He began to breathe like a spent horse, looking me straight in the eyes. "Well—I won't!" he replied, still gently. "Now, shoot!"

The cabin began to swirl and heave; I groped with my left hand and caught the edge of the upper berth and steadied myself.

"Shoot!" said Dick again. His eyes held a look that I could not fathom, a look, though, that withered me as if I were a bit of wax in a flame. How long we faced each other I don't know—but my arm fell.

Dick set down the bottle and put an arm about me and let me down upon the divan. He took the revolver from me, unclasping my fingers one by one, and thrusting it through the port, fired the six cartridges into the air, over the sea-forest, breaking its silence in a fashion it had never known. As the rumbling echo of the last shot died away along the ship's side, he loosed his hand, and let the ugly thing fall into the sunlighted sea. I heard it splash—it had the timed, serious sound of a bird-call in the sunset, parting the day from the night.

He sat down beside me, letting his elbows fall on his knees, and looking straight before him. "You can't do it that way, Polly. You're a brave woman, but it isn't as simple as that."

Sick and broken, I tried to rise. He turned wide, curious eyes upon me.

"Don't go," said he, "don't go." I sank back again, and wished that I could cry. I felt his eyes, pitiful but strange, upon my face, and for the first time they gave me no comfort. "I know," said he, "it's a frightful thing you're going through—but I can't help you—you'd best see it through alone."

"Why can't you help me—why won't you?" I moaned stupidly.

He shrugged the shoulder nearest me. "Oh, I hope you'll never know why. Look here, though—I wish you could say that you loved me!"

"How can I?" The words were no sooner past my lips than I regretted them.

"Oh, so you did love me because I was the bravest and best of my awful sex, eh?" He was once more looking straight ahead of him, joining and disjoining his finger-tips with a patient rhythmic motion. "I hope to God that you'll get over all that—and learn what a man really is—and what love is!"

"Oh, I know that—I know that!" I cried miserably, in a sudden rain of tears.

He took me in his arms and we kissed. "You'll wait for me, Polly—and I'll do my best—I promise you to do my best."

I presently left him, and went to my own cabin and lay down, not because I was tired, but because I wanted to think, and I could not think under the calm and smiling sky. Lying there, in the dead silence, gently swayed as the ship rocked heavily in the long, breathing of the eddy, I found many things growing clear to me, shadows growing light, and many bright, shining beliefs growing dim and tarnished. Nothing formulated itself very clearly, but I lay still for an hour or two and got used to going without a great many things.

All through that day and the next I and Dick kept away from each other. I could no longer meet him as I had met him, with my first light-hearted abandonment to our love, and I was not yet ready to meet him as I must meet him, with the wise, deep tolerance, the comprehending fellowship, that he needed.

And I think he was both glad and sorry to be left alone. He drank steadily; I felt it rather than knew it, for he showed no sign of it save that he avoided me. We no longer ate together, but each snatched furtive mouthfuls, listening for the other's step. Yet we were each alertly conscious of the other's presence. We were, in fact, two pawns in the hands of Fate; we were being put through an awful game whose importance we felt without comprehending. No lovers ever had so strange and fearful a novitiate as I and Dick.

I kept on deck now, because there was a sort of peace to be had from the wide sky. The sea was hideous, dull olive brown, shading to drab in the distance; close at hand a tangled mass of brown stems mottled with wide blotches of mustard yellow, waving and curling in the dark water, floating so slowly that it was impossible to say whether they or the ship were moving.

Late one evening I had wandered astern, and stood at the extreme end of the promenade deck, looking down to where the water washed now and then through the taffrail of the lower deck. It was an ugly sight; the planking was streaked and slimy, and along the posts and cording of the rail and over the soaked and heaped wreckage a fine green film of fringed moss was beginning to creep. Now and then a slippery trail of the brown gulf-weed would heave itself over the lowest part of the broken rail, while all around the quiet, lapping sea brooded like a lazy monster, willing to wait and lick its prey before the gorging time. It was a sight that I had always avoided, but now I could not leave it; there seemed to be an impulse in me to look upon and brood over the very worst of things.

While I looked I was startled by an unwonted sound. Someone was busy, below me, at the door leading from the main-deck cabins, wrenching and hammering at the lock. The sound made my heart stop and my scalp chill and contract, for I knew that it must be Dick. I did not dare to move, for before I could reach him by the stair he would have had time to get out and do what he had surely come to do. I could only wait, clutching the rail, my throat dry and stiff, my heart now pounding in my ears. I do not know how long I waited.

At last the door opened, and he lurched out, half-dressed and unkempt, and reeled down to the rail where the water lapped at it. A foul yellow blotch of weed washed across his bare foot. The horror of that brought back my voice in a rush, and I shrieked his name.

He wheeled round, looked up, saw me, and flung out his arms—then dropped them, turned away, and crouched brokenly against the rail.

I got down to him, slipping, sliding, stumbling, clinging to whatever hold my clutching hands could find of ropes or broken timber or awning-post, and staggering across the slimy deck, I caught him in my arms, and drew his white, shamed face against my breast. I had at first thought that he was mad, but in the one brief, close look at him I saw that he was only crushed with shame and horror at himself.

"Oh, Dick—my Dick!" He did not speak; he would have slipped down on his knees in the water, but I held him with all my strength. I drew him back, inside the passage. There it was already dark, and as if the darkness were a relief to him his clasp of me grew firmer, and he drew me to him, no longer shrinking shamed in my arms. "How could you, dear? How could you?" I whispered, but he only murmured my name over and over again.

I made him come up to the galley, and built a little fire, and, as quickly as I could, made some coffee, for his hands were like ice and his clothing splashed and damp. Inwardly I roundly cursed the clumsiness of things in general and my own awkwardness in particular, but I kept him going by talking a great deal and making him help with some of our awful domestic arrangements. It was hardly a relief to me to find that he was not at the moment in the least intoxicated, and was not physically much worse for whatever dissipation he had put himself through. When the coffee was ready he drank it eagerly, and as the color came back to his face he looked anything but ill. But there was a strange look upon him, about his lips and in his eyes, that I had never seen before, and that I was not to see for a long while—a strange, veiled look of misery, and shame, and something that was almost despair.

When he was warm again he followed me to the deck, for the sunset and the pale evening sky would be better for him than the damp closeness below. We settled down, wrapped in rugs, on the port side of the deck, propping ourselves against its slant with whatever fragments and cushions we could find near at hand, where we could see the fading brightness of the sun, and the opal tints of the evening sea. Behind us there lay the dark waste of the sea-forest, but somewhere before us stretched the pathway of clear aquamarine where free, strong ships lay light as the seabirds winging their flight no less surely toward Home.

I did not wish to pry and chatter now, and it was a long time before Dick said timidly: "Polly, will you forgive me?"

"But—oh, Dick—why did you?"

He shook his head helplessly. "And I wasn't even drunk! But I was so afraid I was going to be! And I've had—oh, a—well, a hell of a time! I didn't know what I might do. And to think of you—alone here with me, you brave, good little angel—and, I stark, raging mad—I thought I'd just—get away."

I shuddered, sick and cold.

"You see, dear," Dick went on. "I knew you'd be no worse off without me, for I'm not the slightest use—here or anywhere else—no, don't say, 'Oh, Dick!' I know exactly what I'm worth."

"Not to me, dear, not to me."

He shook his head. "You see, dear, you don't know."

"But didn't you say once that you'd never hurt me?"

"That was before I knew myself—we've been through such horrors since. And then I've been really trying, and in one way that makes it worse."

"Dick," I said presently, "I wish you would tell me how you began to—do it."

He shook his head. "Oh, I hardly know, it's so long ago. I was a wretched, imaginative, melancholy boy—rather affectionate, and very lonely. My father was fond of me, I suppose, but he never showed it. And then when I failed in my entrance examination—for I was very idle, too—and had to wait another year before I could go to college, he was, I still think, very hard upon me. It was then I discovered that the stuff cheered me. And there were lots of times after that when I thought, like the young fool I was, that I needed cheering. And after a while I—well, I found that I simply couldn't stand life in the raw—and that's all."

"But—I don't understand—you had everything to make life pleasant—"

"Yes, everything. But it doesn't depend on that—the flaw was in me—if it was a flaw. For, do you know, I've often wondered if I am, after all, such a beast—no, hear me out—or whether life really is the horrible thing I see it—I and so many others—that we have to blind ourselves, stupefy ourselves, so as not to see it—"

"Oh, no, Dick—it isn't—it shan't be—Dick, my dear Dick—"

"That's it dear—it won't be, because I've got you, and you're going to love me always—even when you despise me—"

"I'll never despise you!"

"Hush, dear, you can't tell what you'll do—who can? But do try to think, if I should ever—ever be like this again—that it was because I saw things so hideous—saw life so awful—and—and—that I'm not used to—facing it."

(To Be Continued.)

BIG PEACHES ON TREES AFTER SAN JOSE SCALE

Burlington, N. J., Oct. 27.—Peaches four inches in diameter and 14 of which more than filled a half-peck basket are exhibited by Budd S. Richardson, a gardener of this city, as a proof of what can be done with fruit trees reclaimed from the ravages of the San Jose scale.

Trees apparently dead were brought back to life by Richardson, who tried in a small way an extensive experiment which is being attempted at the famous N. P. Creely apple orchards near this city. The result of these experiments with scale "killed" trees, which farmers heretofore had rooted up and used for firewood, has shown already the practical value of a scheme that promises to save millions to fruit farmers throughout the country.

A few years ago the scale swept over several peach trees belonging to Richardson. Not a green leaf remained and the limbs were blistered and withered by the plague. He thought the trees dead and was about to cut them down when he discovered that the trunks were alive. He cut off the dead branches and soon a crown of new shoots appeared. It was on these new branches, absolutely free from scale, that Richardson this year grew a crop that caused professional growers to gaze in amazement.

Blight on Orchard Kills Owner.

At the same time owners of the Creely farm were going through the same experience. Here the scale had swept like a conflagration over the finest apple orchard in South Jersey, the ruin breaking the heart of its owner, N. P. Creely, who died two years ago, partly from shock. Mr. Creely's heirs started to cut down the big orchard and follow the example of neighbors, who were selling the dead trees at good prices in making handles for carpentering tools.

Then came the discovery that the apple tree trunks were alive. The dead limbs were removed, and this year the old trunks are producing as did the peach trees a fine crop of new branches which promise to yield a big fruitage next season.

The most remarkable feature about the new growth on both the Richardson peach trees and the Creely apple trees is that they are scale-proof. State Entomologist Smith, who has been studying the experiments takes issue with Richardson and several scientists who believe the recovering trees have been able to form some antitoxin value in the sap that will kill future attacks of the scale, the same as vaccination rids human beings of smallpox.

Smith says the scale will reappear later and must be guarded against by spraying, as on the original fruit trees. However, there is no appearance of the plague on growths one to three years old on the "resurrected" trees.

May "Vaccinate" Other Trees.

Whether the sap of the reclaimed trees can be used to vaccinate or inoculate other trees, rendering them scale proof, is an experiment that will be tried next year. If, despite the state entomologist, it proves successful, the value of the discovery will prove inestimable to fruit growers throughout the world.

Whether it succeeds or fails, proof of the now established fact that trees once ruined can be relied upon for a new growth that not only saves the fruit grower the 10 or more years it would require for new trees to develop, but the fruit from the re-established tree is larger and more plentiful than under ordinary conditions, means enormous savings to those farmers whose orchards have felt the death-touch of the dreaded San Jose scale.

WOULD BUILD FEWER WARSHIPS

Instead, Hill Would Teach Agriculture by Starting Model Farms.

"If I could have my way, I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year and start at least 1,000 agricultural schools in the United States, at $5,000 a year each, in the shape of model farms." Thus writes James J. Hill in World's Work for November.

Mr. Hill's model farm would be simply a tract of land conforming in size, soil and treatment, crop selection and rotation, and methods of cultivation to modern agricultural methods. The purpose of this farm would be to furnish to all its neighborhood a working model for common instruction. "Cultivating, perhaps, from 40 to 60 acres, it could exhibit on that area the advantage of thorough tillage which the small farm makes possible; of seed specially chosen and tested by experiment at agricultural college farms; of proper fertilization, stock raising, alternation of crops and the whole scientific and improved system of cultivation, seeding, harvesting and marketing. The farmers of a county could see, must see, as they passed its borders, how their daily labors might bring increased and improved results. The example could not fail to impress itself upon an industry becoming each year more conscious of its defects and its needs. As fast as it was followed it would improve farm conditions, make this a form of enterprise more attractive to the young and intelligent and add enormously to the volume of farm products, which constitutes our enduring national wealth."

Mr. Hill would bring the model farm into every agricultural county, so that every farmer could see and find out what he ought to have done and what he could do next time. "It would do for the farming population what the technical school does for the intending artisan, and the schools of special training for those who enter the professions. Side by side with the common school it would work for intelligence, for progress, for the welfare of the country in a moral as well as a material aspect." Mr. Hill argues that we cannot wait for the agricultural colleges, because the emergency is not for the next generation, but for this.

The average wheat yield per acre in the United States, in 1907, was 14 bushels. The average for the last 10 years is 13.88. That is, in 1907 it required 45,211,000 acres to produce the 634,087,000 bushels raised. "It is a disgraceful record," says Mr. Hill. "About a century ago this was the average production per acre of Great Britain. After the appointment of a royal commission and a campaign for better methods of cultivation begun over 100 years ago, the fields of the United Kingdom, tilled for 1,000 years, in a climate whose excessive moisture is unfavorable to the wheat grower, yield over 32 bushels of wheat per acre. Germany, an agricultural country almost from the time of Tacitus, produces 27.6 bushels per acre. Suppose that the United States produced 28 bushels, or double its present showing. That would be nothing extraordinary, in view of what European countries have done with inferior soils and less favorable climates. It would have added 634,000,000 bushels to our product last year."

Good Farming the Solution.

"There is scarcely a limit, at least none has yet been reached by the most intensive cultivation, to the value which an acre of ground may be made to produce. Right methods of farming, without which no agricultural country such as this can hope to remain prosperous, or even to escape eventual poverty, are not complicated and are within the reach of the most modest means. They include a study of soils and seeds, so as to adapt the one to the other; a diversification of industry, including the cultivation of different crops and the raising of live stock; a careful rotation of crops, so that the land will not be worn out by successive years of single cropping; intelligent fertilizing, by the system of rotation, by cultivating leguminous plants and, above all, by the economy and use of every particle of fertilizing material from stock barns and yards; a careful selection of grain used for seed; and, first of all perhaps in importance, the substitution of the small farm, thoroughly tilled, for the large farm, with its weeds, its neglected corners, its abused soil and its thin product. This will make room for the new population, whose added product will help to restore our place as an exporter of food-stuffs. The fruit farmer, the truck farmer, every cultivator of the soil who has specialized his work, has learned the value of these simple principles. The problem is, how to impress it upon the 30,000,000 or more such persons who live on the land and till it."

The value of our annual farm product is now about $80,000,000,000. Mr. Hill declares it might easily be doubled. "When the forests are all cut down and the mines are nothing but empty holes in the ground, the farm lands of the country will remain capable of renewing their bounty forever. But they must have proper treatment. To provide this, as a matter of self-interest and of national safety, is the most imperative present duty of our people. Indolence, bad farming methods, greed, and the idea that it needs no brains to run a farm, have prevented agriculture from taking its true place in the national life and multiplying the value of both the soil and its product. They should not be proof longer against the progress of new ideas. The armed fleets of an enemy approaching our harbors would be no more alarming than the relentless advance of a day when we shall have neither sufficient food nor the means to purchase it for our population. The farmers of the nation must save it in the future, just as they built its greatness in the past."

HALF A ROGUE

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Walford eyed the waste basket thoughtfully.

"Now, we'll turn to the legal side," continued Warrington. "I was born here; I cast my first vote here; for several years I've been a property owner and have paid my taxes without lying to the tax assessor. It is notorious that Donnelly is worth half a million, and yet he is assessed upon a house worth about seven thousand. You have called me a meddler; you apply the term every day. Now draw the distinction, as to eligibility, between Donnelly and myself."

Walford got up from his chair and closed the door. He returned and sat down again.

"Dick, politics is politics, and its ways are dark and mysterious, like the heathen Chinee. If I had your talent—if I had your ability to earn money, I'd walk out of this office this moment. But I'm only a poor devil of a newspaper man. I've a family. When I was 20, 18 years ago, I was earning $12 a week; today it is $40; when I am 60 it will return to $12. You know the business; you know the value they set on a man's brains in this city. And there's always somebody waiting for your shoes. Now, listen. In the first place I must live, and as honorably as environment permits me. By conviction I am a Democrat; I believe in the Democratic principles. Thus, I consider it my duty to thwart, if possible, any and all moves the Republican party makes. I recognize your strength, and I shall do what I can from my side of the barricade to defeat your nomination at the Republican convention; for I believe you able, if once nominated, to lead your party to success and victory. But I shall fight you honestly, Dick. In all I have said so far, there has been no innuendo; I've stood out in the open. I did you a good turn this morning, but you will never be any the wiser. Personally, I like you; I have always liked you, and I am glad to see one man of the craft rise above the grubs and earn a splendid competence. It hasn't been easy, Dick; you've had to fight for it, and that's what I admire. You're a good, clean fighter. If I should rebel against continuing this attack against you, the attack would go on, but I shouldn't. That would do neither of us any good. McQuade might find a man with less scruples than I have. And that's how the matter stands, Dick."

"Well, you're frank and honest about it, and I know you will at least give me a square deal, in the event of my nomination."

"You may reckon on that. Good luck to you and bad luck to your cause."

They talked about the old days for a while, and then Warrington departed and directed his steps to the office of the Journal, the paper in which he had begun his career. Oh, here they were willing to do anything in their power from now on. If he was really determined to accept the nomination, they would aid him editorially. That evening the editor made good his word, frankly indorsing Warrington as the best possible choice for Republican nominee. The editor explained his former attitude by setting forth his belief that Mr. Warrington's candidacy was not serious. At the office of the Telegraph they treated him cordially enough. They never meddled with politics till the fight was on. Then they picked the candidate whose views most coincided with their own. If Mr. Warrington was nominated, doubtless they would support his ticket. The general manager had been a classmate of Warrington's. He called on him and explained his errand. The manager simply wrote on a pad: "McQuade owns 51 per cent of the shares," held it under Warrington's nose and then tore it up.

"That's where our independence stands at this moment."

"I had heard of this, but didn't quite believe it," Warrington said. Bill Osborne evidently knew what was going on, then. "I'm sorry to have troubled you."

"None at all."

On the street Warrington was stopped by Ben Jordan, the Telegraph's star reporter, who had worked with Warrington on the Journal.

"Say, Dick, I'm glad to see you. I was going up to your house on purpose to see you. Come over to Martin's a minute. I've got some news that might interest you."

"I don't like Martin's place," said Warrington. "Let's compromise on Hanley's."

"All right, my boy."

They walked down to Hanley's, talking animatedly.

"What will you have, Ben?"

"Musty ale."

"Two musty ales," Warrington ordered. "Well, Ben?"

Ben took a deep swallow of ale. He was the best all-round reporter in the city; he knew more people than Osborne knew. Murders, strikes, fires, they were all the same to Ben. He knew where to start and where to end. The city editor never sent Ben out on a hunt for scandal; he knew better than to do that. Nine times out of ten, the other papers got the scandal and Ben's behavior became one. The labor unions were Ben's great stand-by. On dull days he could always get a story from the unions. He attended their meetings religiously. They trusted him implicitly, for Ben never broke his word to any one but his landlady. He was short and wiry, with a head so large as to be almost a deformity. On top of this head was a shock of brick-colored hair that resembled a street cleaner's broom. Ben's heart was as big as his

GOOD OLD WAY OF COURTING NOT ALTOGETHER FORGOTTEN

"I suppose there must be still in some parts of the country men who go courting on horseback," said a man who has traveled about a good deal, "but I never met more than one of them, and that was in a little place down south.

"I had been sent there in a hurry. The place was on a branch railroad about four miles off the main line. We got to the junction point about 2 a. m. and as there were no trains on the branch at that hour I started to walk.

"On the train I had met up with a young railroad man, a fine young chap, who was breaking on a western road. He had been away from home two years and now he was coming back to make his family a little visit, and his folks lived just outside of the town I was going to and we walked there together on the branch railroad track.

"This branch lay along the bank of a big, wide river, and on the other side of the road, on the landward side, were hills. Along the line there were half a dozen low spots, and there were besides two or three places where little streams broke through to the river, where the road was carried on trestles. It was winter and this town is not so far south but what it has at that season freezing weather, and at that season the big river brings down from its more northern course enormous quantities of ice. As a matter of fact at that particular moment the river was full from bank to bank, jammed solid with tremendous masses of broken, jagged, heavy ice, all wedged in together there and making what you might reasonably call an impressive spectacle, especially to one to whom it was new, as it was to me, and seen now, as it was, as you will remember, in the middle of the night, with only the starlight.

"We started up the railroad track, with my friend the railroad man ahead, of course, and me following. There had been a cold rain the day before and the ties were all covered with a film of ice, and there was more or less ice on the ground between, and so it was certainly pretty hard walking, but we kept a-plugging, with my friend ahead giving me occasionally a word of caution.

"'Tressle ahead,' he'd say, and then I'd look out and when I came to it walk the ties there carefully; and at one point he added an extra word. "'We're coming now,' he said, 'to a trestle half a mile long and you want to be a little careful there because its pretty deep;' and it looked so to me when I got there and I surely did walk that long, icy trestle very gingerly.

"So we walked the track, with the big frozen river on one side and the dark, wooded hills on the other, with no lights anywhere and with the country about as much to ourselves as if we'd been the only living human beings. It took us two hours to get over that four miles of track, but finally at about 4 a. m. we landed there. Winter, you remember, and still pitch dark as midnight.

"The town is built stretching along the side of a hill that here comes down pretty close to the bank of the river, not much more than the highway, and the railroad and a narrow strip of river bank in front. There were two or three houses in the town; my friend had told me coming up the track which was the best to stop at; and now we stood in the road in front of that hotel; and 'Here's your place,' he says, and then I thanked him for his piloting, and we said 'So long' to each other and he went on his way.

courting on horseback."

Nice chap, he was, the railroad man.

"When he'd gone I sort of stood there for a minute in the middle of the street and looked around. There wasn't a soul stirring anywhere. There was just the broad river filled from bank to bank with jagged ice on one side and on the other the town stretching along the side of the hill, dark and still; there wasn't so much as a light anywhere except for just one gleam from a window of my hotel, in what seemed to me at first to be the second story; it was up from the street. But then I saw that along the front of the house, on the level with the story where I saw the light, there was a covered veranda, with a stairway leading up to it from the sidewalk; and then I realized that it was from the parlor window that the light was show

Important to All Women Readers of This Paper.

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they will cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer a great deal with pain in the back, bearing-down feelings, headache and loss of ambition.

Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But thousands of irritable, nervous, tired and broken-down women have restored their health and strength by the use of Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy.

Swamp-Root brings new life and activity to the kidneys, the cause of such troubles.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for them. Every reader of this paper, who has not already tried it, may address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and receive sample bottle free by mail. You can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all drug stores.

head. His generosity was always getting him into financial trouble.

"Dick, you're a friend of Bennington's. You can quietly tip him that his men will go out Monday morning. There's only one thing that will avert a strike, and that's the discharge of the Englishman."

"Bennington will never discharge him."

"So I understand. He'll have a long strike on his hands."

"Do you know the inside?"

"Enough to say that the men will go out. They're a lot of sheep. They've an idea they've been wronged. But you can't reason with them."

"Ben, you go up to the shops yourself and tell Bennington what you know."

"I don't know him. How'll he take it?"

"Tell him I sent you."

"I'll do it, Dick. But if he kicks me out the drinks will be on you. What countermove will he make?"

"Better ask him yourself. But if you have any influence among the unions, tell them to go slow. They haven't sized up Bennington. Wait a moment. I'll give you a note to him." He called for paper and envelopes, and wrote:

"Dear John:

"This will introduce to you Mr. Jordan, a reporter, in whom I have the greatest confidence. Whatever you may tell him you may rest assured that he will never repeat. I am sending him to you in hopes he may suggest some plan by which to ward off the impending strike. There may be a little self-interest on my side. A strike just now will raise the devil in politics. You may trust Jordan fully. WARRINGTON."

He pushed it across the table. "There, that will smooth the way."

"Many thanks, my son. Where's he eat his lunch?"

"Usually in the office."

"Well, I'm off!"

Ben always had his eye on the story of tomorrow, and he would face all or any difficulties in pursuit of the end. If he could stop the strike at the Bennington shops it would be a great thing for the Telegraph and a great thing for Ben. So he hailed a car, serenely unconscious that he was taking a position absolutely opposed to that of his employer. He arrived at the shops some time before the noon hour. His letter opened all doors. Bennington was in his private office. He read the letter and offered Ben a chair.

"I have never been interviewed," he said.

"I am not here for an interview," said Ben. "Your men will go out Monday."

"Monday? How did you learn that?"

"My business takes me among the unions. What shall you do in the event of the strike?"

"And I have no desire to be interviewed."

"You read Mr. Warrington's letter. Perhaps, if I knew what stand you will take, I could talk to the men myself. I have averted three or four strikes in my time, simply because the boys know that I always speak the truth, the plain truth. In this case I feel that you have the right on your side. You haven't said anything yet. The union is practically trying to bluff you into coming to its terms—the discharge of the inventor, or a strike."

"Are you representing the union?"

"I am representing nobody but myself."

"I may tell you, then, that I shall not discharge the inventor. Nor will I, if the men go out, take a single one of them back."

"The men will not believe that. They never do. They've been so successful in Pennsylvania that they are attempting to repeat that success all over the country. They have grown pig-headed. I feel sorry for the poor devils, who never realize when they are well off."

"I feel sorry, too, Mr. Jordan," said Bennington. He played a tattoo on his strong white teeth with his pencil. "Mr. Warrington seems to know you well."

"We began on the Journal together. You will not tell me what your plan is, then?"

"I'd rather not, for, honestly, I can not see how it would better the case."

"It might be worth while to give me a chance."

Bennington re-read Warrington's note. Then he studied the frank blue eyes of the reporter.

"Miss Ward, you may go," he said to the stenographer. "Now,"—when the girl had gone—"you will give me your word?"

"It's all I have."

"How can you convince the men without telling them?"

"Oh, I mean that whatever you tell me shall not see light in the papers till I have your permission. There's a weekly meeting tonight. They will decide finally at this meeting. Tomorrow will be too late."

Bennington was an accurate judge of men. He felt that he could trust this shock-headed journalist. If without any loss of self-respect, if without receding a single step from his position, he could avert the crash, he would gladly do so. He had reached one determination, and nothing on earth would swerve him. So he told Ben just exactly what would happen if the men went out. Ben did not doubt him for a moment. He, too, was something of a judge of men. This man would never back down.

"I give you this to show them, if your arguments do not prevail," concluded Bennington, producing a folded paper. "They will hardly doubt this."

Ben opened it. It was a permit from the municipal government to tear down a brick structure within the city limits. Ben stowed the permit in his pocket. He looked with admiration at the man who could plan, coolly and quietly, the destruction of a fortune that had taken a quarter of a century to build. He was grave. There was a big responsibility pressing on his shoulders.

"Much obliged. You will never regret the confidence you repose in me. Now I'll tell you something on my side. It is not the inventor, though the men believe it is. The inventor is a pretext of Morrissy, the union leader."

"A pretext?"

"I can't prove what I say, that's the trouble; but McQuade has his hand in this. I wish to heaven I could find solid proofs.

"McQuade?" Bennington scowled. He could readily understand now. McQuade! This was McQuade's revenge. He could wait patiently all this while!

"I'll do what I can, Mr. Bennington; I'll do what I can."

Bennington ate no lunch that noon. Instead he wandered about the great smoky shops, sweeping his glance over the blast furnaces, the gutters into which the molten ore was poured, the giant trip hammer, the ponderous rolling-machines, the gas-furnaces for tempering fine steel. The men moved aside. Only here and there a man, grown old in the shops, touched his grimy cap. . . . To tear it down. It would be like rending a limb, for he loved every brick and stone and girder, as his father before him had loved them. He squared his shoulders, and his jaws hardened. No man, without justice on his side, should dictate to him; no man should order him to hire this man or discharge that one. He alone had that right; he alone was master. Bennington was not a coward; he would not sell to another; he would not shirk the task laid out for his hand. Unionism, such as it stood, must receive a violent lesson. And McQuade?

"Damn him!" he muttered, his fingers knotting.

Education subdues or obliterates the best of fighting in the coward only. The brave man is always masculine in these crises, and he will fight with his bare hands when reason and intelligence fail. A great longing rose up in Bennington's heart to have it out physically with McQuade. To feel that gross bulk under his knees, to sink his fingers into that brawny throat!—The men, eyeing him covertly, saw his arms go outward and his hands open and shut convulsively. More than ever they avoided his path. Once before they had witnessed a similar abstraction. They had seen him fling to the ground a huge puddler who had struck his apprentice without cause. The puddler, one of the strongest men in the shops, struggled to his feet and rushed at his assailant. Bennington had knocked him down again, and this time the puddler remained on the ground, insensible. Bennington had gone back to his office, shutting and opening his fists. Ay, they had long since ceased calling him the dude. The man of brawn has a hearty respect for spectacular exhibitions of strength.

One o'clock. The trip-hammers began their intermittent thunder, the rolling-machines shrieked, and the hot ore sputtered and crackled. Bennington returned to his office and re-read the letter his father had written to him on his death bed. He would obey it to the final line.

That particular branch of the local unions which was represented in the Bennington steel mills met in the loft of one of the brick buildings off the main street. The room was spacious, but ill ventilated. That night it was crowded. The men were noisy and a haze of rank tobacco smoke drifted aimlessly about, vainly seeking egress. Morrissy called the meeting to order at 8:30. He spoke briefly of the injustice of the employers, locally and elsewhere, of the burdens the laboring man had always borne and would always bear, so long as he declined to demand his rights. The men cheered him. Many had been drinking freely. Morrissy stated the case against Bennington. He used his words adroitly and spoke with the air of a man who regrets excedingly a disagreeable duty.

From his seat in the rear Jordan watched him, following each word closely. He saw that Morrissy knew his business thoroughly.

"We'll get what we want, men; we always do. It isn't a matter of money; it's principle. If we back down, we are lost; if we surrender this time we'll have to surrender one thing at a time till we're away back where we started from, slaves to enrich the oppressor. We've got to fight for our rights. Here's an inventor who, if we permit him to remain will succeed in throwing two hundred men out of work. Bennington is making enough money as things are now. There's no need of improvement, such as will take bread and butter out of our mouths, out of the mouths of our wives and children. We've got to strike. That'll bring him to his senses."

At the conclusion he was loudly applauded.

Jordan stood up and waited till the noise had fully subsided. Everybody knew him. They had seen him stand up before, and he always said something worth listening to.

"You all know me, boys," he began.

"You bet!"

"You're all right!"

"Speech! Go ahead!"

Jordan caught Morrissy's eye. Morrissy nodded with bad grace. Jordan spoke for half an hour. He repeated word for word what Bennington had told him. In the end he was greeted with laughter.

"Very well, boys," he said, shrugging. "It's none of my business. You've never caught me lying yet. You don't know this man Bennington. I believe I do. He'll make good his threat. Wait and see."

"How much were you paid to attend this meeting?" demanded Morrissy, sneering.

"A good deal less than you were, Mr. Morrissy." There was a dangerous flush on Ben's cheeks, but the smoke was so dense that Morrissy failed to observe it. The men laughed again, accepting Ben's retort as a piece of banter. Ben went on doggedly: "I have in my pocket a permit to tear down the shops. Bennington gave it to me to produce. Look at it, if you doubt my word. There it is."

The men passed it along the aisles. It came back presently, much the worse for wear. Some of the older ment looked exceedingly grave, but they were in the minority.

"Anybody can get a permit to tear down his property," said Morrissy, scornfully. "It's a big bluff, men. What! tear down the golden goose? Not in a thousand years It's a plain bluff. And I'm sorry to see a decent men like our newspaper friend on the enemy's side."

"If I am on the enemy's side, Mr. Morrissy, it's because I'm a friend of every man here, save one," significantly. "You men will vote a strike, I can see that. But you'll regret it to your last day. I've nothing more to say. I helped you once when old man Bennington was alive, but I guess you've forgotten it." Ben sat down in silence.

"We'll proceed with the voting," said Morrissy.

Half an hour later there was a cheer. The men would go out Monday, if the demands of the committee were not acceded to. The meeting broke up, and many of the men flocked into the nearby saloons. Morrissy approached Ben, who had waited for him. No one was within earshot.

"What in hell do you mean by saying you were paid less than I was?" he said, his jaw protruding at an ugly angle.

"I mean, Morrissy," answered Ben fearlessly, "that you had better move carefully in the future. If I were you, I wouldn't accept any unstamped envelopes in Herculaneum. It would be a good plan to go to some other town for that."

"Why, damn you!" Morrissy raised his fist.

"Stay where you are," warned Ben, seizing a camp chair, "or I'll break your head. Listen to me. I'm starting out from this night on to break you, and, by God, I'll do it before the year is over. This is your last strike, so make the most of it. You were at Schmuck's the other night, you and McQuade. There was a friend of mine on the other side of the partition. Unfortunately this friend was alone. I haven't got any proofs, but I'll get them."

Morrissy became yellower than his diamonds. Ben flung aside his chair and left the hall. He went straight to Martin's saloon. He found Bill Osborne alone at a table.

"Will they strike, Ben?" he asked in a rough whisper.

"Yes. I thought I might influence them, Bill, but I've made an ass of myself. Two whiskies," he ordered, "and make one of them stiff. I told Morrissy."

"You didn't mention my name, Ben? Don't say you told him that I was on the other side of the partition!" Bill's eyes nearly stood out of his head.

"I told him nothing. How'd you happen to land in Schmuck's saloon, anyhow? Why didn't you telephone me when you heard Morrissy come in?"

"Oh, Ben, I was drunk If I hadn't been so drunk!" Bill's eyes overflowed remorsefully.

Ben swore.

'And say, Ben, that fellow Bolles is back in town. He was in here a few minutes ago, drunk as a lord. He flashed a roll of bills that would have choked an ox."

"Where is he now?"

"Up stairs playing the wheel."

Ben shook his head. He had his salary in his pocket, and he vividly remembered what roulette had done to it a fortnight gone.

"If Bolles is drunk, it wouldn't do any good to talk to him." Ben sighed and drank his liquor neat. He was tired.

CHAPTER XIII.

Regularly once a week Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene visited a hair dresser. This distinguished social leader employed a French maid who was very adept at dressing hair, but the two never got along very well verbally; Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene insisted on speaking in broken French while the maid persisted in broken English. Such conversation is naturally disjointed and leads nowhere. The particular hair dresser who received Mrs. Haldene's patronage possessed a lively imagination together with an endless chain of gossip. Mrs. Haldene was superior to gossiping with servants, but a hair dresser is a little closer in relation to life. Many visited her in the course of a week, and some had the happy faculty of relieving their minds of what they saw and heard, regardless of the social status of the listener. Mrs. Haldene never came away from the hair dresser's empty handed; in fact, she carried away with her food for thought that took fully a week to digest.

Like most places of its kind, the establishment was located in the boarding-house district; but this did not prevent fashionable carriages from stopping at the door, nor the neighboring boarders from sitting on their front steps and speculating as to whom this or that carriage belonged. There was always a maid on guard in the hall; she was very haughty and proportionately homely. It did not occur to the proprietress that this maid was a living advertisement of her incompetence to perform those wonders stated in the neat little pamphlets piled on the card table; nor did it impress the patrons, who took it for granted that the maid, naturally enough, could not afford to have the operation of beauty performed.

A woman with wrinkles is always hopeful.

A strange medley of persons visited this house, each seeking in her own peculiar way the elixir of life, which is beauty, or the potion of love, which is beauty's handmaiden. There were remedies plus remedies; the same skin-food was warranted to created double-chins or destroy them; the same tonic killed superfluous hair or made it grow on bald spots. A freckle to eradicate, a wrinkle to remove, a moth-patch to bleach, a gray hair to dye; nothing was impossible here, not even credulity. It was but meet that the mistress should steal past the servant, that the servant should dodge the mistress. Every woman craves beauty, but she does not want the public to know that her beauty is of the kind in which nature has no hand. No man is a hero to his valet; no woman is a beauty to her maid. In and out, to and fro; the social leader, the shop-girl, the maid, the woman of the town, the actress, the thin old spinster and the fat matron, here might they be found.

At rare intervals a man was seen to ring the bell, but he was either a bill collector or a husband in search of his wife.

The proprietress knew everybody intimely—by sight. She was squat dyed, rouged and pencilled, badly, too. She was written down in the city directory as Madame de Chevreuse, but she was emphatically not of French extraction. In her alphabet there were generally but twenty-five letters; there were frequent times when she had no idea that there existed such a letter as "g." How she came to appropriate so distinguished a name as De Chevreuse was a puzzle. Her husband—for she had a husband—was always reading French history in English, and doubtless this name appealed to his imagination and romance. Nobody knew what Madame's real name was, nor that of her husband, for he was always called "Monseer."

The reception room was decorated after the prevailing fashion. There were gilt and pretense. There were numerous glass cases, filled with lotions and skin-food and other articles of toilet; there were faceless heads adorned with all shades of hair, scalps, pompadours, and wigs. A few false-faces grinned or scowled or smirked from frames or corners where they were piled. There were tawdry masquerade costumes, too, and theatrical make-up. Curtains divided the several shampooing booths, and a screen cut off the general view of the operation of beauty. However, there were chinks large enough for the inquisitive, and everybody was inquisitive who patronized Madame de Chevreuse, pronounced Chevroose.

And always and ever there prevailed without regeneration the odor of cheap perfumes and scented soaps.

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene left her carriage at the door, perfectly willing that the neighborhood should see her alight. She climbed the steps, stately and imposing. She was one of the few women who could overawe the homely girl in the hallway.

"Is Madame at liberty?"

"She will be shortly, Mrs. Haldene."

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene passed into the reception room and sat down by the manicure table. The screen was in position. Some one was being beautified. From time to time she heard voices.

"The make-up is taking splendidly today."

"Well, it didn't last week. I sweat pink beads all over my new muslin."

"It does peel in hot weather. I understand that Mrs. Welford is going to Dakota."

"She ought to have the first chance there, if what I've heard about her is true. These society women make me tired."

"They haven't much to occupy their time."

"Oh, I don't know. They occupy their time in running around after the other women's husbands."

"And the husbands?"

"The other men's wives."

"You aren't very charitable."

"Nobody ever gives me any charity, I'm sure."

From one of the shampooing booths:

"But you would look very well in the natural gray, ma'am."

"My husband doesn't think so."

"But his hair is gray."

"That doesn't lessen his regard for brunettes."

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene shrugged her majestic shoulders and gazed again into the street. She always regretted that Madame could not be induced to make private visits.

A white poodle, recently shampooed, dashed through the rooms. There is always a watery-eyed, red-lidded poodle in an establishment of this order. The masculine contempt for the pug has died. It took 20 years to accomplish these obsequies. But the poodle, the poor poodle! Call a man a thief, a wretch, a villain, and he will defend himself; but call him a poodle, and he slinks out of sight. It is impossible to explain definitely the cause of this supreme contempt for the poodle, nor why it should be considered the epitome of opprobrium to be called one.

"Maime?"

"Yes, Madame!" replied the girl in the hall.

"Take Beauty into the kitchen and close the door. He's just been washed, and I don't want him all speckled up with hair-dye."

The girl drove the poodle out of the reception room and caught him in the hall. Presently the kitchen door slammed and the odor of onions in soup no longer fought against the perfumes and soaps for supremacy.

"There," said Madame behind the screen, "you have no rival in town now for beauty."

"I'll be here again next Tuesday."

"Same time?"

"Yes, in the morning."

A woman emerged from behind the screen. She possessed a bold beauty, the sort that appeals to men without intellect. She was dressed extravagantly; too many furbelows, too many jewels, too many flowers. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene recognized her instantly and turned her head toward the window. She heard the woman pass by her, enter the hall and leave the house. She saw her walk quickly away, stop suddenly as if she had forgotten something, open her large purse, turn its contents inside out, replace them, and proceed. But a letter lay on the sidewalk unnoticed. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene secretly hoped that it would remain there till she made her departure.

"Handsome woman, isn't she?" said Madame. "I don't know what it is, but they are always good-looking."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, who knew very well who the woman was.

"She is one of Mr. McQuade's lady friends."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," Madame was shrewd. She saw that it wouldn't do to tell Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene anything about a woman who could in no way be of use to her. "Have you heard of the Sybil?"

"The Sybil?" repeated Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene.

"Yes. A new fortune-teller, and everybody says she's a wonder. I haven't been to her yet, but I'm goin' just as soon as I get time."

"Do you believe they know what they are talking about?" incredulously.

"Know! I should say I did. Old Mother Danforth has told me lots of things that have come true. She was the one who predicted the Spanish war and the president's assassination. It is marvelous, but she done it."

Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene shuddered. With all her faults, she loved the English language.

"How do you want your hair fixed?" Madame inquired, seeing that her patron's interest on mediums was not strong.

"The same as usual. Last week you left a streak, and I am sure everybody noticed it at the Gordon tea. Be careful today."

Thereupon Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene constituted herself a martyr to the cause. She was nervous and fidgety in the chair, for the picture of that letter on the sidewalk kept recurring. In the meantime Madame told her all that had happened and all that hadn't, which is equally valuable. The toilet lasted an hour; and when Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene rose from the chair, Madame was as dry as a brook in August. Her patron hurried to the street. The letter was still on the sidewalk. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene picked it up and quickly sought her carriage. Pah! how the thing smelt of sachet powder. Her aristocratic nose wrinkled in disdain. But her curiosity surmounted her natural repugnance. The address was written in a coarse masculine hand. The carriage had gone two blocks before she found the necessary courage to open the letter. The envelope had already been opened, so in reading it her conscience suggested nothing criminal.

Gossip began on the day Eve entered the Garden of Eden. To be sure, there was little to gossip about, but that little Eve managed without difficulty to collect. It is but human to take a harmless interest in what our next-door neighbor is doing, has done, or may do. Primarily gossip was harmless; today it is still harmless in some quarters. The gossip of the present time is like the prude, always looking for the worst and finding it. The real trouble with the gossip lies in the fact that she has little else to do; her own affairs are so uninteresting that she is perforce obliged to look into the affairs of her neighbors. Then, to prove that she is well informed, she feels compelled to repeat what she has seen or heard, more or less accurately. From gossiping to meddling is but a trifling step. To back up a bit of gossip, one often meddles. Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene was naturally a daughter of Eve; she was more than a gossip, she was a prophetess. She foretold scandal. She would move heaven and earth, so the saying goes, to prove her gossip infallible. And when some prophecy of hers went wrong, she did everything in her power to right it. To have acquired the reputation of prophesying is one thing, always to fulfil these prophecies is another. It never occurred to her that she was destroying other people's peace of mind, that she was constituting herself a Fate, that she was meddling with lives which in no wise crossed or interfered with her own. She had no real enmity either for Warrington or Mrs. Jack; simply, she had prophesied that Warrington had taken up his residence in Herculaneum in order to be near Katherine Challoner, John Bennington's wife. Here was a year nearly gone, and the smoke of the prophecy had evaporated, showing that there had been no fire below.

Neither Warrington nor Mrs. Jack was in her thoughts when she opened the letter, which was signed by McQuade's familiar appellation.

Dear Girl—I've got them all this trip. I'll put Bennington on the rack and wring Warrington's political neck, the snob, swelling it around among decent people! What do you think? Why, Warrington used to run after the Challoner woman before she was married; and I have proof that she went to Warrington's room one night and never left till morning. How's that sound? They stick up their noses at you, do they? Wait! They won't look so swell when I'm through with them. If Warrington's name is even mentioned at the Republican convention, I've missed my guess. I got your bills this morning. You'd better go light till I've settled with these meddlers. Then we'll pack up our duds and take that trip to Paris I promised you. MAC.

(To Be Continued.)

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Wireless Telephones for the Ears

They make the Deaf hear distinctly.
They are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are to weak hearing what spectacles are to weak sight.

They are sound-magnifiers, just as glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking off the strain—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds.

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Wilson's Ear Drums make sounds strike hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead of spreading out weakly all over the surface.

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This book has been the means of making 826,000 Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you if you merely write a post-card for it today. Get the free book for proof. You owe it to yourself and to your friends to learn how to be well.

Write for it today to the Wilson Ear Drum Co., 45 Todd Building, Louisville, Ky.

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Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect.

See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating — goes right to the spot — relieves the soreness — limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

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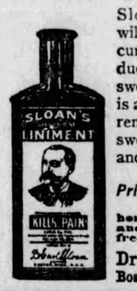

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One who knows says: "I drank coffee for breakfast every morning until I had terrible attacks of indigestion, producing days of discomfort and nights of sleeplessness. I tried to give up the use of coffee entirely but found it hard to go from hot coffee to a glass of water. Then I tried Postum.

"It was good and the effect was so pleasant that I soon learned to love it and have used it for several years. I improved immediately after I left off coffee and took on Postum and am now entirely cured of my indigestion and other troubles, all of which were due to coffee. I am now well and contented and all because I changed from coffee to Postum.

"Postum is much easier to make right every time than coffee, for it is so even and always reliable. We never use coffee now in our family. We use Postum and are always well."

"There's a reason," and it is proved by trial.

Look in pkgs. for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

They Considered It.

Argonaut.

In Illinois there is an old law on the statute books to the effect that in criminal cases the jury is "judge of the law as well as of the facts." Though not often quoted, once in a while a lawyer with a desperate case makes use of it. In one case, the judge instructed the jury that it was to judge of the law as well as the facts, but added that it was not to judge of the law unless it was fully satisfied that it knew more law than the judge. An outrageous verdict was brought in, contrary to all instructions of the court, who felt called upon to rebuke the jury. At last one old farmer arose. "Jedge," said he, "weren't we to jedge the law as well as the fact?" "Certainly," was the response; "but I told you not to judge the law unless you were clearly satisfied that you knew the law better than I did." "Well, jedge," answered the farmer, as he shifted his quid, "we considered that p'int."

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some reader tell me how to remove lime mortar from cement blocks?—F., Vassar, Mich.

I would like to know how to clarify sweet cider, preparatory to making it into vinegar. Our vinegar has to be "racked off" several times before it can be made perfectly clear. We wish to learn of some process that will clear it, without weakening or impairing the vinegar in any way.—G., Harper, W. Va.

I have a fine Jersey cow about 10 years old. She is in fine condition and is a good milker, and has not been fresh since a year ago last April. For two months her milk will not produce butter. It just foams. Can any one tell me what is the matter?—K., Reedsville, W. Va.

LOCO POISONING

The ravages of the loco weed concern every person in the United States, for the reason that the food supply has been seriously affected by the prevalence of locoed stock on western ranges. The loco weed flourishes throughout the western range country.

The government experimenters, during their three years of investigation, found that horses, cattle and sheep are differently affected. Horses are most susceptible to the poison, though cattle succumb nearly as quickly. Sheep will eat both species of the loco, but for some reason, only one kind of the plant is particularly deadly in their case. Different breeds of cattle vary in their susceptibility. Generally the better bred animals are more susceptible to the poison than those which have been accustomed to range. Among the sheep, the black-face type yield much more quickly than the hardy merinos. Among cattle, Durhams and Aberdeen-Angus are more susceptible than the Herefords. Even pigs have been "locoed," after being fed loco weed in large quantities, and one Colorado ranches even reports a lot of "locoed" lions that had eaten the deadly poison of the range.

There are traditions in the west of human beings contracting the loco habit. Stories are told in the sheep camps and cow camps of men who have eaten the weed and have found it pleasant as opium, and who have died raving from the effects of their debauch. There are no authenticated instances of human being being "locoed," however.

PASTURE FOR HOGS

A farmers' bulletin sent out by the agricultural department gives this example of a pasture for hogs:

"From the time clover pasture is ready in the spring until about June 1 the hogs will be pastured on 5 acres of an 18-acre field of clover fenced off with a temporary hog fence. Up to about June 1 the suckling pigs running with the sows do not need much pasture, and this 5 acres of young clover will furnish them and the sows all they will need. After removing the hogs from this 5 acres the clover will come on and later be cut for seed. About June 1 the hogs will all be transferred to 7 acres of clover adjacent, now in prime condition for pasture, and kept on it until about July 15.

"To furnish fresh prime pasture for the hogs from about July 15, when the clover is past its prime, up to the time when the corn is in the dough stage, 6 acres of the 18-acre clover field will be plowed up about May 1 and planted in sorghum and rape. About July 15 the temporary fence next to this sorghum and rape pasture will be removed and the hogs given the run of the pasture they are already on and in addition the 6 acres of sorghum and rape. This will furnish ample green feed for the hogs until September 15, when all but the sows will be turned in on a portion of the 18-acre cornfield planted with peas and later sown to rye and rape. The corn plant will have considerable feeding value added to the hogs in September, but as the stalks become more woody the cowpeas, rye and rape will furnish the necessary green feed and the corn and cowpeas will furnish the grain. As the hogs clean up one portion of the cornfield the portable fence will be moved and another portion added, and by the time the entire field is cleaned up the hogs will be ready for market.

"In handling the clover crop for seed it is quite desirable that the clover be pastured off until about June 1 in central Illinois. The five-acre field of clover that the hogs were pastured on earliest in the season has been handled so as to fulfill this condition, as shown in plan 2; therefore, it may be used for seed in late August. After the clover field has been cleared of the hogs which were turned into the cornfield and after the clover for seed has been harvested the sows and boars may be given the run of the entire 18-acre field until cold weather or until the field is plowed in the fall for the next year's crop.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

Do not make the food too sloppy for young pigs. Keep plenty of charcoal in the pen. Put a pound of Epsom salts in the food occasionally. Castrate pigs at three weeks, not later. Observe regularity in feeding, and let them out for a run occasionally. As the young pigs come in do not allow them to lose their baby fat, but keep them in good condition right from the time they are weaned.

Cut out and burn all dead and diseased branches of fruit trees and bushes as soon as they are detected. Often the removal of a diseased branch will save the whole tree and save others from becoming infested.

It is a mark of poor farm management to allow any animals to become infected with lice. Hogs can not thrive when their vitality is sucked away by these insects. There are several good dips on the market, and kerosene and grease, mixed warm, is a good common remedy.

The bees should have plenty of water. They consume a great deal, and will travel a long distance to get it. Should there be no running stream or lake of pure water near, it is well to place a pail of fresh water near the apiary every day. Water is used by the bees to dilute the heavy, thicky honey left over from winter to make it suitable for the young larvae and also to make the cell wax pliable.

The average ewe requires from 3 to 5 pounds of salt a year, the variation depending largely upon the amount of natural salts contained in the pastures.

The garden debris comes in useful as a winter protection for perrenial and bulb beds. In addition to leaves, save the flower stems, lawn clippings and straw, all of which serve the purpose.

PRESERVING BEEF

When the animal heat is all out and the meat thoroughly cooled, cut it into convenient sized pieces for cooking, weigh out the meat and allow eight pounds of salt to 100 pounds of meat. Sprinkle a light layer of salt in the bottom of a clean, sweet, hardwood barrel or a stone jar, then pack beef in closely to a depth of, say five to seven inches, then put on a layer of salt and so on until the beef is all in, reserving enough salt for a good layer on top of the meat. After the package has stood over night add for each 100 pounds of meat four pounds of sugar, two ounces baking soda and two ounces saltpeter, dissolved in a gallon of tepid water; three gallons more water should cover this quantity. Weight to keep all under the brine.

THE HOG AS A RAKE

A new method for eradicating the worst weeds that trouble the farmer has been discovered.

The "bindweed," or "wild morning glory," has proved very injurious to various kinds of cultivated crops, such as garden truck, small fruits and commercial seeds. Where this weed abounds, the tilling of the soil has hitherto been very difficult, because of the underground roots, but the new method will entirely remove the plant, tops and roots as well.

Based upon the fact that hogs are very fond of the roots and rootsticks of this plant, which taste very much like the sweet potato, George Wiggins, a farmer of Lodge, Ill., conceived the idea that hog pasturing might be resorted to successfully to eradicate the weed.

He, accordingly, turned loose about 100 hogs on a field containing 30 acres which was overrun with bindweed.

These hogs did not have their noses ring or slit, and Mr. Wiggins found that they not only ate the tops of the weed closely, but also rooted to a considerable depth to obtain the underground parts. In a comparatively short time the field was entirely cleaned up, and after the process had been repeated for three consecutive years the farmer was able to raise a large crop of corn and oats on what had heretofore been practically useless soil.

To produce the most satisfactory results from this form of hog pasturing only a small quantity of food should be given the animals in order that they be forced to depend upon the bindweed. It has been found that while the hogs do make quite as good gains on this diet as on others, they do very well under the treatment.

THUMPS IN PIGS

Thumps in pigs is caused by a surplus of fat and a lack of exercise. The thumping is due to violent beating of the heart, causing shaking movement of the sides and flanks of the animal. Often it is so violent that the whole body trembles and shakes with the movements. In aggravated cases the pig is weak and uncertain in his walk, and lies down most of the time. Before death the nose, ears and other parts of the body become red and purple with congested blood, due to weak circulation.

Advanced cases of the thumps are difficult to cure. When first symptoms are noticed reduce the bedding if there is much in their sleeping quarters; reduce the feed and compel the pig to exercise in the open air. Fresh air will purify the blood and exercise will promote circulation. When pigs become fat and lazy they will lie in bed a great part of the time, often completely covered with bedding, so that they breathe impure air and dust. This poisons the blood and reduces the vitality in general, which, with compression of the heart with surplus fat, causes the malady.

In the spring or summer when pasture is good it is well to change pasture of hogs afflicted with the thumps so that they will be induced to take more exercise and eat green food. Reduce heavy feeding and keep the bowls of the animal loose by doses of castor oil. A little turpentine in the slop or drinking water is said to be good.

STORING VEGETABLES

As a general thing vegetables in storage require a cool atmosphere—but not cool enough to freeze. An exception, however, is the pumpkin and squash, which need a warm, dry air. They must be carfully handled in gathering and the stem must be left long. Squashes should not be stored until they are fully ripe.

A cool, damp, dark cellar is best for potatoes, but there must be good circulation of air.

Carrotts, parsnips, turnips and beets keep best when packed in boxes or barrels. After packing in these receptacles, place sand or fine soil on top and allow it to run down between the roots, shaking it down so that all the spaces will be filled.

Vegetables must be carefully handled in harvesting, and it is advisable to cut off about an inch from the top in order to prevent a chance of decay, which is the result of close cutting. Beets cut too close will bleed, and consequently, lose their sweetness of flavor and spoil quickly.

Before storing onions they should be thoroughly dried and never put in a damp place. The best place for them is a dry room, where the temperature is barely above the freezing point.

Cabbage intended to be used during the winter should be treated as follows: Cut off the stems and outer leaves, trim the heads about as much as if preparing to cook. Then wrap each head in several thicknesses of newspaper, so as to exclude the air. Pack the wrapped heads closely in a barrel, after lining the same with paper and cover paper over the top; keep in the coolest part of the cellar; dampness will not injure the keeping qualities. To keep cabbage until spring sink a barrel in the ground in such a manner that moisture cannot enter. Place the cabbage in this and thickly cover with straw and earth.

All root vegetables and cabbage should be allowed to remain in the ground till there is danger of the ground freezing. This wil give better keeping qualities and retain a superior flavor. After pulling up the cabbage place the heads downward on boards till the weather becomes severe—protecting them by covering with an old carpet.

Horse-radish, winter radish and salsify can be kept in small boxes buried in sand or soil. Parsnips and parsley can be left in the ground over winter and may be dug up early in the spring, but the crops should be well mulched in the fall.

A good plan to keep tomatoes is to select the largest specimens that have begun to show color, as soon as out vines are cut by frost, but before the fruit is frosted, and wrap separately in soft paper. They must be carefully handled to prevent bruising. Place in shallow boxes or on a shelf one layer deep—in a cool place, secure from frost. If a few at a time are brought out and placed in a warm spot they will quickly ripen. In this way it is possible to enjoy tomatoes for several weeks after killing frosts.

To dry herbs they should be picked just before the plant blossoms, wash to free from

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Tit-Bits.

To make forgery a practical impossibili- ty a Parsee gentleman resident in Lon- don has invented a clever electrical appa- ratus which will enable a person to write with an electrically operated pen, from which sparks instead of ink will flow, making a continuous series of almost im- perceptible perforations in the paper. Each hole is carbonized by the process, and to alter the order of the markings is impossible.

Get this Gold Pair Free

DR HAUX

DON'T SEND ME ONE CENT

When you answer this announcement, as I am going to distribute at least one-hundred- thousand sets of the Dr. Haux famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles to genuine, bona- fide spectacle-wearers, in the next few weeks —in one easy, simple condition.

I want you to thoroughly try them on your own eyes, no matter how weak they may be; read the finest print in your bible with them, thread the smallest eyed needle you can get hold of and put them to any test you like in your own home as long as you please.

Then after you have become absolutely and positively convinced that they are really and truly the softest, clearest and best-fitting glasses you have ever had on your eyes and if they honestly make you see just as well as you ever did in your younger days, you can keep the pair forever without a cent of pay and

JUST DO ME A GOOD TURN

by showing them around to your neighbors and friends and speak a good word for them everywhere, at every opportunity.

Won't you help me introduce the wonder- ful Dr. Haux "Perfect Vision" Spectacles in your locality on this easy, simple condition?

If you are a genuine, bona-fide spectacle- wearer (no children need apply) and want to see me this favor, write me at once and just address "Dear Doctor:—Mail me your Perfect Vision Eye Tester, absolutely free of charge, also full particulars of your handsome 10-karat Gold Spectacle Offer," and address me personally and I will give your letter my own personal attention. Address:—

DR. HAUX, (Personal), Haux Building, St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE.—The Above is the Largest Mail Order Spec- acle House in the World, and Perfectly Reliable.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a ma- jority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

FIRST THRESHING MACHINE

Will you please tell who invented the first threshing machine, and at what time? In what year did Bell invent the telephone?—H. E. N., Clarla, W. Va.

The first threshing machine which was successfully operated was invented by Andrew Meikle, in Scotland, for which he obtained a patent in 1788. A fanning mill was added in 1800, and it then be- came a complete separator, but it was very imperfect and was stationary. The grain had to be brought to it, as it was run by water power. Threshers without separating devices were used in this coun- try as early as 1825. To Hiram A. and John A. Pitts belong the honor of producing the first practical combination of threshing and cleaning or separating devices, all in one machine, and that portable. In 1834 they made the combina- tion and successfully operated it. Febru- ary 14, 1876, Dr. Bell received the patent for the first telephone.

DYNAMITE

Please tell what you can about the com- position of dynamite.—F. C., Sparland, Ill.

The dynamite of the present day con- sists of a plastic, solid mixture, of which nitroglycerin is a component. It is fired by means of a detonator, or blasting cap. When there is less than 30 per cent of nitroglycerin within it cannot be detonat- ed at all. But this only holds true with dynamite with inert bases. Dynamite is usually put up in cylindrical brown paper wrappers, closed at each end and coated with paraffin. These sticks are usually from one to two inches in diameter and eight inches long, and are packed for transportation in sawdust in wooden cases, there being 50 pounds in each case. The sticks are coated with paraffin to prevent water from reaching the dyna- mite, for this drives the nitroglycerin out and diminishes the efficiency. Good dyna- mite is about the consistency of fresh mold. It may be exploded at ordinary temperatures by simply firing musket balls into the mass. The firing point is about 180 degrees centigrade, and at this temperature it either burns or explodes. If a thin layer is placed on a plate of tin and heated over a burner, it takes fire; if the layer is over a quarter of an inch thick, it explodes. When heated to any temperature less than this it is exploded by a blow with ease dependent upon the temperature and the time of explosion. When ignited in small quantities it sim- ply burns away, but in larger quantities it explodes.

LATTER DAY SAINTS

I would like to have the Question Bu- reau give an account of the Church of the Latter Day Saints.—C. F., Millington, Michigan.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is a continuation of the church which was organized at Fay- ette, N. Y., April 6, 1830, with six mem- bers. It was an anti-polygamist organi- zation and was effected by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and others. Joseph Smith was chosen president. From the time of the organization the church rapidly in- creased. After the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young became his successor. While at winter quarters near Council Bluffs, Iowa, in December, 1847, Young as- sumed the presidency of the church and led his followers to Salt Lake valley, where he introduced such doctrines as Adam-God, blood atonement and polyg- amy. None of these had been accepted by the church or taught by its authorities during the life of Joseph Smith. In 1851 a number of persons and local organiza- tions, some of whom had stood aloof from all factions, started a movement that resulted in a conference and pub- lication, in June, 1852. This conference re- nounced all allegiance to Young and oth- ers. The church has always been ag- gressive in its fight against polygamy. The organization has a membership of about 50,000. It is prosecuting missionary work throughout the United States, the Canadas, Australia, New Zealand, Society Islands, Sandwich Islands, the British Isles, Scandinavia and other countries.

DIE-SINKING

Will you please tell me how dies are made from which the national coins are made?—J. L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.

In making dies for coins or the like, a drawing of the exact size is first made, and from this drawing a tracing is taken for the purpose of transferring to the die. The soft steel blank which is to form the die, is coated with a thin layer of transfer wax. The tracing is reproduced on the wax, and the design scratched on the steel through the wax. The design is then deepened by the use of graving tools.

THE PHASES OF THE MOON

Please explain the causes of the phases of the moon.—M. K., Malvern, O.

The moon is visible to us only by means of the sun's light, reflected from her surface, as are the planets and their satellites. The sun, of course, shines on but half the moon's surface. As the moon circles around the earth every 29½ days (about), consequently we see, except at full moon, only a greater or less por- tion of the illuminated hemisphere.

Now let us follow the moon on her cir- cuit of 29½ days, beginning at the point marked "New Moon." Here she is be- tween us and the sun, her dark hemis- phere is turned toward us, and we do not see her at all. Many people do not realize that there are about three days and nights in every revolution—29½ days—that the moon is entirely invisible to us, for the reason just stated. "New moon" is at the moment when the moon is nearest the sun—that is, in conjunction with him. This is the date given in almanacs, and not the date when the new moon becomes visible to us.

On the second or third day after con- junction, in the evening, a little after sunset, the moon has moved far enough in her orbit for us to see a narrow cres- cent of the lighted surface, which we call the new moon. If the sky be cloud- less and the atmosphere clear, we can see the remainder of the side of the moon turned toward us. This is because of the sun's light reflected from the earth to the moon and back to our eyes. As the light- ed portion of the moon grows larger, the moonlight becomes so strong as to over- power the faint earth light.

It is plain that, as the moon travels on in her orbit, her position relatively to the earth and sun changes, so that we see more and more of the lighted side, and less and less of the dark side. Between the seventh and eight day after con- junction we see half the lighted side, and the moon is said to be in her first quar- ter. Nearly seven more days elapse be- tween this and full moon, and nature of her light side being shown, until we see all of it. Then the moon is farthest in her orbit from the sun.

After full moon, until the following new moon, we see less and less of the lighted half of the moon, and more and more of the dark half, full moon convexity is now turned away from the sun. In the middle of this period the last quarter presents a phase similar to first quarter, except that the lighted half is reversed. The word "quarter" refers to one-fourth of the moon's orbit. At first quarter she has passed over one-fourth of her orbit from new moon; at last quarter she starts on the last fourth of her journey.

It must be remembered that the earth is inclined to the plane of its orbit. The moon is also inclined to the plane of her orbit. As she accompanies the earth on its course around the sun, her rela- tive position to earth and sun is con- stantly changing. Hence, sometimes the crescent of the new moon is lower down than at others. Ignorant people speak of a "wet moon" or a "dry moon," refer- ring to the place of the crescent. It will be seen it is a mere appearance, and the same sequence comes around regularly in a cycle of several years, as do the eclipses.

MARIE CORELLI

Will you please give a brief biog- raphy of Marie Corelli?—R. L., Decatur, Ala.

Marie Corelli is of mingled Italian and Scotch parentage. She was adopted in infancy by Charles Mackay, the well- known song-writer and literateur, and brought up during childhood in Eng- land. Afterwards she was sent to France studying in a convent, where she received a thorough musical education. She commenced to write an elaborate opera when barely 14. She also wrote two songs. Her first at- tempts at literature were three sonnets on Shakespearian themes. A curious physical experience occurring to herself personally, caused her to write her first book, A Romance of Two Worlds, published in 1886. It was an instant success and from that time she has de- voted herself entirely to literature. She has never, however abandoned her love for music, and is proficient on the piano and mandolin. She has no par- ticular fad except a love for flowers, and a taste for collecting rare old books, of which she has many unique specimens. She is unmarried, and her favorite recreations are reading and music. She has some 15 books to her credit, and is a prolific writer of short stories and other articles. Marie Corelli is her real name, not a pseud- onym.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

Please tell what you can about elec- trical engineering?—S. M., Cutler, O.

The profession of electrical engineer- ing is probably the youngest of the pro- fessions, for it has hardly been recog- nized as such for more than the past 15 years. Men who have reached prom- inence today in this branch of work did so through widely different plans of preparation. There are two kinds of engineers, those who have practical ex- perience and those who only have theoretical. The former get their's from the machine shop while the latter receive their information through col- lege. To be successful in this profes- sion it is necessary for one to have both practical and theoretical experi- ence. As a result many go to college where they finish their course and then take up the practical side of it for about five years. His preliminary edu- cation should be composed of mathe- matics, physics, chemistry and me- chanics. Even after one has gradu- ated from college he is not qualified to enter his profession until after he has had experience in shops. An electrical engineer must study all his life- time on how he can produce better re- sults with his work and keep up with the times.

ENGRAVING

Please tell me through the Question Bu- reau how engravings are made from which illustrations in the magazines and the papers are published?—G. D. S., Blacksburg, Va.

There are two kinds of engraving, line- engraving and etching. Both are used in making landscapes and other pictures. In the former process the engraver first makes a careful outline on a piece of thin paper with a black lead pencil. The sur- face of the plate is then thoroughly cleaned. Copper is effectually cleaned by a mixture of fine whiting and turpentine spread over the heated plate and, when the turpentine evaporates, wiping off the whiting with a clean rag. After the plate has been wholly cleaned, one corner is put into a hand-vise with a thick fold of paper protecting the face at that part. The plate is then laid face upward on a moderately hot iron, or, better, a tin box filled with water kept boiling by a char- coal stove or an alcohol lamp beneath. By this latter method there is no burning of the ground, and thus making it unfit for etching is avoided. When the plate is hot enough, the ball of etching ground is rub- bed over the surface, the heat causing it to melt and ooze over its wrap- ping of silk. The ground is then spread by light and rapid strokes with the rounded face of the dauber, continued until every part is thor- oughly covered with an equally thin coat- ing. The ground must now be smoked while the plate is hot, by holding it face downward and passing the flame of two or three wax tapers, loosely tied together, rapidly to and fro across its surface, till it becomes a clear shining black, but care must be taken not to burn it by permit- ting the flame to rest an instant on one place. When it is cooled, the paper on which the outline is drawn is dampened, placed carefully face downward on the plate and secured in its position by small bits of bordering wax; another piece of dampened paper is laid over it and the whole passed through the roller-press for printing plates. When the paper is lifted from it, the pencil outline is found trans- ferred in reverse to the shining black sur- face in clear, silvery lines. In etching, the outline and the ground must be pro- tected, so supports, made of paper, wood or leather, about one-eighth of an inch thick, are fixed on the margin; resting on these, the parallel square is laid across the plate for the twofold purpose of sup- porting the hand and guiding the point. In a landscape, outlining and etching in the parts go on at the same time; but in a historical piece the outline must be first secured by dotting it carefully with the point and then all parts of the subject it is desirable to etch are proceeded with. After etching has been done the supports are removed and the bridge (a thin board having cross pieces about one inch under each end) is laid across the plate to sup- port the hand. The margins are then painted over with varnish of Brunswick black thinned with turpentine, the entire surface of the plate carefully examined and all breaks or scratches pencilled over with the varnish, which resists acid equally with the ground. After this has happened, a ball of bordering wax about an inch high is placed around the subject and pressed firmly down on the plate to retain the acid, which is now applied. The spaces between the lines and all parts not touched by the varnish are protected from the action of the acid by the ground. The acid is then poured on and allowed to re- main until the lightest parts are corroded to a sufficient depth and breadth. It is then poured off and the surface of the plate is cleaned and dried. The light parts are protected by varnish and the acid is again poured on until the successive de- grees of depth have been obtained. At last all parts have been engraved and the plate is ready for use.

MISCELLANEOUS

W. V. H., Young Cane, Ga.: The mohair from the Angora goat can be sold to American mills at from 20 to 45 cents a pound.

N. B., Hobart, Mich.: If you have read the papers recently you will know all we do about the trip of Peary to the pole.

S. T. S., Steele, Ala.: The constitution of Ohio does not establish prohibition.

J. M. K., Mercer, Pa.: Write to the National Tribune, Washington, D. C.

M. G., Kewanna, Ind.: We can tell you nothing concerning the qualities of gra- ham flour.

Z. M., Richfield, O.: There are 46 states in the United States and the territories, Arizona, New Mexico, Hawaii and Alas- ka. Oklahoma was the last state admit- ted to the union.

F. F. R., New Milton, W. Va.: The Dec- laration of Independence was drawn up by Thomas Jefferson with the advice of a committee.

J. G. T., Akron, O.: Any intelligent per- son can see that Cook must have instru- ments to measure the number of miles he traveled each day on his trip.

E. W. F., West Unity, O.: For matters relating to homesteads write to the gen- eral land commissioner at Washington, D. C.

H. J. W., Valier, Pa.: A 22 rifle is a rifle which holds a cartridge of 22 cal- ibre.

J. L., Union City, Pa.: The expenses of Taft's present trip through the country come presumably from the allow- ance made yearly for his traveling ex- penses.

K. K., Bernie, W. Va.: A woman is prohibited from marrying in the state of West Virginia unless she has the consent of her parents, or is 21 years of age.

Venerable Promoters.

Newport Express and Standard.

If Dr. Mead is disqualified because of his 68 years, what about Chief Jus- tice Rowell, who is 74; Judge Munson, 66; Judge Miles, 64; Judge Waterman, 70; Col. Haskins, 73; Congressman Plumley, 65; Senators Dillingham and Page, both 66; or the late Senator Redfield Proctor, once secretary of war, who when at the very zenith of his fame and influence at 73, the editor of the Caledonian, enthusiastically supported for re-election to a further term of six years, and who at 76 was not only a leader in the highest coun- cil chamber of the republic, but as well the most commanding personal- ity in the state?

What about Senators Edmonds and Morrill or a score of other men, who both now and in the past have been the most honored sons of the com- monwealth, whose greatest usefulness, efficiency, and influence was in the mature, rich, ripe years corresponding to the age of Lieutenant Governor Mead?

30 ft. Bowels—

Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body. 911

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treat- ment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treat- ment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Railroad Police Dogs.

New York Tribune.

A large kennel of trained bloodhounds is to be part of the police and detec- tive departments of the New York Central railroad, under the charge of Chief Detective Rundell. A considerable sum has been set aside for the con- duct and upkeep of the kennel, which is likely to be the means of stopping many robberies along the line.

About $3,000 was paid for six hounds last week, which were purchased at Fair Haven, Ct. Several more hounds are being acquired and these will be kenneled in many towns along the road at convenient distances apart, that they may readily be hurried to any point de- sired.

As the hounds will be hunted on the leash they cannot in any way injure the man upon whose trail they are put. The English bloodhound is not savage, and this is the breed that has been chosen by the railroad company.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

A HERO AS A HELPER

International Sunday School Lesson for November 7 Is "Paul a Pris- oner: The Shipwreck." Acts 27:27 —28:10.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

There is hero-stuff in persons all about us; only the occasion is needed to reveal it. The quiet life of our well-regulated social order does not afford the display of the active hero-virtues that appear commonly in more troublous and adven- turous conditions. There is a mark of heroism, though, which may usually be found at all times; the hero is a helper. In little ways he serves, even as he would serve in great ways did opportunity offer. In the present lesson upon the shipwreck of the apostle Paul it is perhaps more profitable to bear in mind his small help- fulness, rather than his great heroism. The latter we may not imitate; the for- mer are within everybody's power.

The panic-stricken company aboard the grain vessel which a resistless northeaster had gripped—there were 276 souls in all—had been too scared and too busy to eat. In the darkness and danger they had scarcely tasted food for a fortnight. Paul, whose practical sense was equal to his piety, entreated them all to satisfy their hunger. A square meal is often a means of grace. Elijah under the juniper tree thought he needed spiritual uplift; God, who knew better, sent him food. Setting the example of eating—after publicly thanking God for the bread—Paul per- suaded the men to partake of food, which heartened them greatly.

When the Ship Breaks Up.

Yesterday I saw three men in a crowded railway station who seemed to stand out from all that hurrying throng. They were roughly dressed, with no heed to city styles, but it was not their rough boots nor their caps that attracted attention. There was an indefinable something in their faces and bearing that spelled a great experience. And so it was. They had been picked up the day before down the bay, clinging to the bottom of a cap- sized schooner. All night they had clung there, while the waves dashed over them, and the biting winds had gradually weak- ened the grip of their fingers. Ships had passed without noticing them. When fin- ally they were sighted and rescued they had reached the very limit of their powers.

Little cared these men that their clothes were different from the multitude's. Little thought they of the value of the boat that had been lost. In darkness and stress, face to face with death, they had learned the lesson of relative values. They had stood by one another—even as I saw them the youngest was supporting the oldest—and they had saved their lives. It is a great privilege to have learned what is really worth while in this life. Browning depicts Lazarus as coming back from the grave with a new sense of the proportion- ate worth of things.

The shipwreck of Paul's boat, when all had to take to the water, showed the various characters of the men. Paul was proved a hero in things great, and a cour- teous, helpful gentleman in things small. Captain Julius preserved the fine tradi- tions of a Roman officer. Some of the sailors revealed a yellow streak by at- tempting to make off with the boats. Paul's decisiveness stopped that low trick. When the break-up of the ship was in- evitable, the imbruted Roman soldiers suggested the killing of the prisoners; but Captain Julius would not have it so. Thus all got ashore when the ship struck—some swimming, some on planks, and some on the wreckage of the ship.

On a Storied Island.

One of the most romantic spots on earth, historically, is the little island of Malta, which for more than a century Britain has held. The defense against the Moslems by the Knights of St. John in the sixteenth century is one of the golden pages of the age of chivalry. Ancient, spectacular, kaleidoscopic has been the island's history, but when the great Mediterranean steamers stop there now- adays the first thought and question of the people "barbarians" means nothing except that they were not Greeks or Romans; such was the usage of the day, just as we snobbishly group the majority of the human race into the classification, "heathen." The shipwrecked company were taken under shelter from the rain, and their clothes were dried and their chilled bodies warmed before a fire.

Some men are too conscious of their dignity and standing to fill lowly offices. Paul had no dignity that would stand in the way of his being helpful. So we find him, as usual, the first in the capacity of a helper. This time he gathered sticks for the fire to warm the bodies of those hulking soldiers who had so ruthlessly counseled his death a few hours before. While about this office of usefulness a viper fastened itself to his hand, and the whole company, seeing it, expected him to drop dead.

But no viper that wriggled could kill Paul, even as the wave and winds of the Mediterranean had been impotent. He had a through ticket to Rome, authorized by the General Superintendent of all roads. The natives did not know this, and they thought that Paul himself was some sort of deity. He was a friend of God and a fellow-worker with Jesus Christ, which is as near to being a deity as mortal ever comes.

Still animated by the passion for helpful- ness, Poul found an opportunity for ser- vice when he had become the guest of Governor Publius for three days. The latter's father was ill, and Paul cured him. That started toward him the familiar procession of the sick and maimed, and he healed them. The world is full of need, and there is everywhere work for hearts that ask no career of heroism, but only a chance to be helpful.

RELIGIOUS NEWS NOTES

Interesting Happenings in Many Parts of the World.

There are now about 300 Christian stu- dents in Waseda university, Tokio, and more than a dozen Christian professors. For these a Christian hostel or dormitory has been established by the American Baptists, who maintain a missionary there, Rev. H. H. Benninghoff, whose work is chiefly among the students.

The German excavators on the site of the ancient Babylon have found the pal- ace of Nebuchadnezzar. It will not be fully unearthed until after several years of labor.

The native government of Mysore, In- dia, has resolved to introduce religious teaching into the government schools and colleges. Hindu instruction will be given from the Hindu sacred writings. Moham- medan instruction from the Koran. Chris- tian instruction from the Bible, to the pupils of these respective faiths.

During the early fall and summer of this year the Brotherhoods of Andrew and Philip of Philadelphia, in co-opera- tion with the Y. M. C. A., engaged in holding automobile evangelistic meetings along the city streets. Meeting to the number of 119 were held, 43 chapters of the Brotherhood engaged in the work, 21,420 attended and 256 volunteers shared the work. The entire cost of this sum- mer campaign was $25.35.

Mrs. A. E. Stetson, whom many re- garded as ambitious to succeed Mrs. Eddy the head of the Christian Science church, has been ousted from her official position and her license to teach revoked by the Boston church. Mrs. Stetson has been the moving spirit in the New York Christian Science church.

Doctors Morrison and Sheppard, the missionaries of the Southern Presbyter- ian church on the Congo, have been ac- quitted of libeling the Kassai Rubber company by a Belgian court. It is thought improbable that an appeal will be taken, as the prosecution at first threat- ened to do so. It is supposed that the Belgians interested in the rubber business on the Congo now regard this prosecution as an unwise step, because it has only concentrated further public attention upon the Congo atrocities.

Dr. George Edward Post, for many years head of the Medical college in Beirut, Syria, died recently at his post.

The Young Men's Christian association in some cities is undertaking to supplant gambling and horse-racing at the county fairs by athletic meets under direction of the association.

A descendant of the pagan Hawaiians, who were converted by Massachusetts missionaries, Rev. Mr. Akaiko, a student at Hartford seminary, is now preaching in the town of Shutesbury, Mass. A neighboring clergyman remarked, "Who at flood tide in these hills, 50 years ago, would have prophesied that the son of a then pagan race would now be giving in- struction to the children of the Pilgrims. But bread cast upon the waters returns from far-away seas."

"The old Moulmein pagoda" is familiar to all readers of Kipling's On the Road to Mandalay, but the actual pagoda was known from childhood by Rev. F. D. Crawley, who died a few weeks ago in the service of the Northern Baptist Mis- sionary society. He was born in Moul- mein, Burma, and since 1895 he has served the English-speaking people of that city as pastor of their church.

The Federal Council of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip has recently eror- ganized so that the council shall con- sist of 25 laymen representing various denominations, instead of both ministers and laymen. The reorganization was ad- vocated by the founder of the Brother- hood, Dr. Rufus W. Miller.

Instead of going on the Carnegie Foun- dation, Haverford college, of Haverford, Pennsylvania, which represents the Or- thodox branch of the Society of Friends, has created a retirement fund for its teachers. The sum of $10,000 is being set apart for this purpose. In order to get on the Carnegie Foundation, it is necessary for a college to sever its denominational relationships.

Two thousand men attended the recent national convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew at Providence. The next con- vention will be held a year hence in Nashville.

Noah White's Sheep.

Dahlonega Nugget.

Not long ago Mr. Noah White, of Ches- tatee district, had a butting sheep. This sheep went across the Blue Ridge in Union county on a visit, and while there went to the house of a lady with her flock of sheep. This lady decided to put the strange sheep up until its owner called for it, but lo and behold! she made a failure, for the sheep commenced to show fight. The lady made for the house, the sheep in hot pursuit, butting her every step until the door was reached. Then it entered and did not stop until it ran not only the lady but every child she had off the place. Aftey staying a while it left, and the family took possession of the house again.

Building a Reputation.

Success Magazine.

Young physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a prac- tice. The following is told by a senator, Dr. Godfrey Hunter, of Kentucky. Dr. Hunter had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his shingle, and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physician.

"Doctor," he said, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine, sir."

"What's the fine?" inquired the doctor.

"Five dollars."

The doctor's hand flew to his pocket. "Here's $10; I have to come back just as fast as I am going."

Don't Wear A Truss

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

A DELAYED VENTURE

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. ENNINGS

IN THE small town where he lived everybody knew Ben Landers, and everybody called him by his first name. In truth, though he was some- where in the fifties, if he happened to be called Mr. Landers it gave him an overwhelming sense of dignity that was uncomfortable. Ben was a tall, "spare" man, with stooping shoulders that brought his coat up shorter in the back than in the front. He had a long, thin, smooth-shaven face and light blue eyes which held the absent look of one whose mind is far away from his surroundings. Ben did not talk very much, and he never had any- thing boastful to say of himself or his affairs, except that some day he in- tended to go west and make his for- tune.

"Good, kind-hearted fellow, wouldn't harm a fly, but he never was a money maker. Enough has been as good as a feast to him. Always stayed at home with the women folks. Planned to go out west and make his fortune mor'n 30 years ago, but he hasn't got started yet. He's still planning," was the ac- count which would have been given if a stranger had made inquiries re- garding Ben's character and intentions.

It is likely that to this story would have been added, if it had been re- lated by an "old resident," "appeared to be a bright, energetic young fellow, too, 'bout the time he was 21. He was as lively then as you find 'em, and was all for pulling out of the town and going west to grow up with a new country. No, he never went. 'Bout the time he had his plans well laid his father died and Ben's ambition seemed to fizzle out. He settled right down and has stayed home with his mother and sister ever since. He's as handy around the house as a woman, and can turn to and housclean and wash dishes with the best of 'em, but he's never been any account as a hustler, though he's still bent on going west."

It was thus that Ben was described by the townspeople, who, believing they knew all, in reality knew but lit- tle. Reticence was a characteristic of the Landers family, and they never made their affairs public property. It was a fact that Ben in his early man- hood expected all things from the world and felt himself equipped to take from it what he wanted, but it was not a fact that his ambition "fiz- zled out."

Ben's father was a lawyer, but his son was not inclined to enter this profession. He wanted something different, he wanted to be up and away, and he was ready to start upon his first venture in search of fortune when his father fell ill. Ben could not leave home at such a time, and when his father's illness terminated in his death there was still greater necessity for his remaining.

"Don't go yet, Ben," his mother begged him. "Wait until the estate is settled and we know how we are situated. Remember, you are the head of the family now. Your sister and I need you here to look after us," she said. "After a while you can go."

Her appeal aroused Ben's protective instinct, and he squared his shoulders and walked with his head very erect, feeling himself suddenly become a man with grave responsibilities.

The estate, when settled, proved to be sufficient to support the Landers in the unpretentious way they had been in the habit of living. Their home town was a place where no one was very rich and no one was very poor. They had always lived as well as their neighbors, and this could be continued even if there was nothing added to their income.

"You may have my share of the property as long as you live," Ben said to his mother. "I want to get out and make my own money."

"But not yet, Ben," his mother en- treated. "Wait awhile longer. I can't bear the thought of your going. Some time, of course, you must," she added, with an attempt to be brave.

So Ben waited patiently for a year before he said anything more. At the end of the year he again began to make preparations for his venture, and again they were interrupted. This time it was his sister who wanted him to wait a little longer.

"Why, Ben," she remonstrated, in injured tones, "how can you think of leaving when I am to be married? After awhile mother will probably come to live with me in my new home, but until she is ready, you must stay with her. You are needed more here than you are anywhere else and this is the place for you at pres- ent."

She spoke with the authority of an elder sister, and Ben obeyed her, once more putting aside his own plans for the sake of his family. He found his reward for his sacrifice in the happi- ness it gave his mother. "You won't have to wait a great while, Benny, she promised. "Just as soon as your sister is married, we'll make some arrangement to be together. I'm hoping they'll come here," she whis- pered, confidentially. "I'm hoping I can persuade them, and then you'll be free to go. I haven't said anything to them yet, but that's what I'm hoping," she said, nodding her head in an assuring manner.

Unfortunately for her hopes, the man her daughter expected to marry proved to be unworthy and the marriage never took place. Ben's sister regarded her disappointment as a tragedy and conducted herself accordingly. More than ever Ben was needed at home, so he resumed his task of waiting, though he did not give up his habit of plan- ning for his western enterprise. It was not considered worth while for him to go into business in his home town, since his stay there was of uncertain duration, and always he had his dreams of the future to sustain him through the inactivity of a present, which, without his realizing it, slipped so rap- idly into the past.

"When Ben goes west," was a saying in the family which they all believed would come true, though as time ad- vanced it continued to be postponed in- definitely.

Ben's sister, dwelling upon her dis- appointment, and failing to understand that outside of the little hothouse trag- edies of woman and man there is a big world where there is work to be done and joy to be had, sank into a chronic state of mournful inertia which made her anything but a cheerful or com- petent fireside companion. Ben and his mother made the mistake of humoring her in her morbid fancies, and did not count upon her as one who could be expected to take any responsibility.

"We'll just let your sister do as she pleases until she gets over feeling so bad," Ben's mother told him. "You'll have to be both son and daughter to me until she has time to forget," and Ben, though seeing the realization of his dream receding still farther into the future, acquiesced with an appearance of cheerfulness, and consoled himself with the thought, "Oh, well, there's plenty of time yet. I guess the country I'm aiming for won't move away."

Ben filled his double role faithfully, even to performing the household tasks which should have been his sis- ter's. It seemed nothing out of the ordinary to his mother to see her son sweeping and dusting, or washing and drying the dishes. She saw no com- edy in the sight of his tall, lank fig- ure clad in the blue checked gingham apron she insisted upon his wearing while he was thus engaged. He learn- ed to be an excellent cook, and this culinary knowledge was regarded as something that would be to his ad- vantage when he went west.

"You won't be sorry you know how to cook when you get out in that wild country, Benny," his mother re- marked.

To her, the region where her son would sometime go, was unpeopled save by cowboys and Indians, and therefore beyond the reaches of civ- ilization.

Perhaps it would have been better for Ben if he had not permitted him- self to be so completely absorbed and ruled by his mother and sister. They did not intend to harm him, and had no thought of trying to mould his destiny. To their minds, the matter of his going away was merely post- poned, not terminated. The idea that he was to go some day was always alive, but the propitious "some day" never arrived. When it seemed to be making a close approach, there were clinging hands laid upon him, and he heard the "don't go yet, Benny," which always held him back.

The years went by uneventfully and almost unnoticed by the Landers. Ben and his sister reached middle-age, and looked it, while time seemed to pass by Mrs. Landers leaving her comparat- ively untouched. She regarded her children as still youthful and with an untried future before them, though her

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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OCTOBER WATCH PREMIUM.

John Wyckoff, of Bradford, Iowa, has been awarded The Blade watch premium for the month of October. Mr. Wyckoff sent us a list containing 243 names.

Opportunity never knocks at the side door of a saloon.

When in doubt the rule is to throw something at Uncle Joe Cannon.

Kansas City boasts of a $10,000 hen. No wonder the price of eggs is high.

If the Panama canal is completed by 1913 the pessimists may not like it.

There is more trouble ahead for King Alfonso. The baby will soon be cutting teeth.

Theodore Roosevelt is 51 years of age, and he has lived every minute of that time.

President Taft favors a square deal for the railroads. But is that what they want?

Everybody is to wear wings some day, with the possible exception of the campaign liar.

There are two sides to every question, but very few people care to hear the other side.

More men would be willing to sacrifice themselves for office if the salaries were larger.

The fellow who would rather vote than argue politics isn't likely to make a fool of himself.

The only mitigating circumstance in favor of a loafer is that he may have been born that way.

Speaker Cannon talks like a man who might be opposed to the Mississippi river on general principles.

Two Frenchmen fought a duel in a heavy downpour of rain the other day. Both of them got very wet.

Another woman's life has been saved by a corset stay. One more blow to the dying prejudice against corsets.

The movement to have the town of Danville, Ill., taken off the map seems to be gathering strength every day.

King Edward is in favor of cheaper divorces in England. The present cost is so high that poor people can't afford them.

John D. Rockefeller has given $1,000,000 with which to fight the "lazy bug." But will the bug's victims thank him for it?

A college professor says the Ten Commandments need revision. And even then they wouldn't be universally popular.

Congressman Murdock wants somebody to tell Speaker Cannon to retire. Why not get Jim Jeffries or Jack Johnson to do it?

It is worth noting that the audience did not applaud when President Taft intimated that he would retire at the end of four years.

Some women may not want to vote when they discover that they would not be allowed to write a postscript at the bottom of the ballot.

It is reported that there is an increased demand for whisky. Probably there is an epidemic of imaginary stomachache sweeping over the country.

Scientists now advise people to drink lots of water with their meals. What has become of the scientists who told us never to drink water with our meals?

After reading all the predictions as to what kind of winter we are to have, one is forced to conclude that there are going to be very few cases of sunstroke.

President Taft is a versatile man, but he frankly admits that he can't milk a cow. That is an accomplishment many a man has purposely avoided.

A woman of 78 years has taken up the regular course of study in the Ohio State University. She does not, however, expect to become a sweet girl graduate.

Lady Cook says "man can do anything he wants to do." But he could never stand on his head and button his wife's shirtwaist up the back, if he wanted to.

A Wisconsin woman declares that she gets one-third more milk from her cows by singing to them. "In the Gloaming" is a favorite with the whole herd. It's cheaper than bran mash.

The man who won the model husband contest in Chicago allows his wife to carry his pocketbook. The idea is so simple the wonder is that more husbands never thought of it.

It is said that the chinch bug costs Kansas from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000. Why doesn't William Allen White write an editorial that will put all the chinch bugs in the state out of business?

According to the Houston Post's figures, Texas has 1,000,000 turkeys fattening for the Thanksgiving slaughter. Some people may be surprised to learn that Thanksgiving is celebrated in Texas.

THE CANAL IN 1913.

Colonel Goethals, in charge at Panama, has made the statement frequently that the canal will be opened for traffic by the first day of 1915. Governor Blackburn, the only civilian member of the canal commission, says now that ships will be able to cross the isthmus before the end of 1913.

The army engineers are a conservative lot. They have learned a lesson from predictions gone wrong. Those at work upon the big ditch insist upon giving themselves plenty of time for leeway. Last year, when high records were made in the removal of dirt, the chief engineer said that little better could be done, inasmuch as work would be restricted when the waterway became deeper and more narrow. According to Governor Blackburn, an increase of 200 per cent has been made over the records of 1908. If the rate at which dirt was removed in March, of last year, could be maintained, it was then estimated, the last shovelful would be taken from the channel proper by the end of 1912, the remaining years to be used to complete the dams, breakwaters and locks.

Thirty-six thousand men are now employed on the canal. When the dirt ceases flying the engineer corps will have an army from which to chose the most efficient for the remaining tasks. It does not seem improbable that even Governor Blackburn's sanguine prophecy may prove overconservative.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

A. S. Winslow, superintendent of cotton mills in Clinton, S. C., has given the world a welcome piece of news. The health of child laborers in the southern cotton mills, he says, has been vastly improved:

Good health among the operatives is an asset of value to the manufacturer. It means more and better work. The knowledge of this fact explains the increasing oversight of the operative, both in and out of the mill. His physical, moral and spiritual health is being considered so carefully today that the oldtime prejudice against employment in the mill is fading from public mind. The cotton mill as a place for employment has passed the stage of experiment, and has outlived the spirit of prejudice so manifest in other days.

Surely there is food here to delight the smug soul of the textile mill stockholder. He is not merely scraping profits out of the little bodies of children, but also keeping them in better health than he used to. He finds that it is an asset to have operatives weighing their natural 80 pounds than the 50 or 60 in the old days, with the consequent annoyance of having to look for new muscle and new eyes when death depleted his staff.

Mr. Winslow might have given out a little more information, it strikes us. A person would like to know if these healthier children of the mills never yearn to play, as more fortunate children do; whether, because they are stronger, that makes a decent amount of schooling unnecessary; whether—since the "physical, moral and spiritual health" is attended to—the south is any less ashamed of the business of coining childhood into dollars.

A DISPUTE GROWS TIRESOME.

Isn't this polar controversy becoming a good deal frayed and worn? A scrap is interesting and exciting as a scrap, but any one, in time, is satiated and sickened with fighting and wrangling. Either the disputants should make an arrangement to retreat to some desert island and finish the business, or else present irrefutable evidence to make one of the sets of arguments good.

When Dr. Cook was first heard from, his countrymen accepted his message upon its face with whole-hearted credence and eagerness to extend congratulation. The unfortunate Peary telegrams but clinched the country's approval of Cook. The doctor returned from abroad to the music of praise. The keys of the nation were placed in his hands. But the approval and friendliness accorded the first claimant is slowly, but steadily, being redrawn, if the press of the country gives a clue to the sentiment. The responsibility lies at Cook's door.

On arriving at Copenhagen, Dr. Cook said: "I have kept a diary throughout my entire expedition in which I recorded the most minute detail." Later he told the University of Copenhagen that it should review the records. The diary and instruments have not yet been dispatched abroad. Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University, offered to appoint a commission of scientific men to go over the records of both explorers. Cook and Peary accepted, but Cook later withdrew his acceptance, the University of Copenhagen insisting upon its rights to first view the interesting material. To cablegrams asking for the papers, sends word to Copenhagen that they will be "ready within two months, or possibly within a month." In the meantime, resting under the charge that he is a faker and that his statements are stuffed with inconsistencies, the doctor speeds about the country on a lecture tour.

America will be slow to believe that Commander Peary did not make his accusations in bad temper. There seemed honor enough for two. But Dr. Cook is doing nothing to keep down the growing suspicion. If once the country thinks it has been duped, nothing on earth that Dr. Cook can say will restore him his present support and favor.

A SUCCESSOR TO PECKHAM.

The President's task of finding a capable and discreet minister for the legation at Peking is child's play beside the one now before him—that of choosing a worthy successor to Justice Peckham.

Two pronounced types of justices now sit upon the United States supreme bench. To one the common law which came to us from our English ancestry is a thing sacred, as inviolable as the tablets placed in the hands of Moses. Blackstone, in the opinion of these judges, wrote for all time. The other type has recognized that all things change in this world, that the law of a hundred years ago might, when rigidly interpreted according to precedent, be archaic, unfitted to the times, an agency of oppression and filled with a thousand possibilities for injustice. The line between the old type of judge and the liberal is not very plainly demarked. It is here that Mr. Taft's difficulty will appear. He must find a candidate who is a part of the procession, not a milestone for an ancient day.

Had Bryan been elected, the selection to fill the vacancy would have been comparatively easy. One of two men would have been chosen, Judge George Gray, of Delaware, or Judge Alton Brooks Parker, of New York. This was made plain in the course of the campaign. It might have been only incidental to Mr. Bryan—supposing, for a moment, he had been elected—that both these men were of the lot of common law worshipers. But it would not have been so to the country. The supreme court is not held in the high respect it was 25 years ago. There have been murmurings and complaints and attacks upon the court as an institution. There is a chance now for a restoration. Under Bryan there could have been none.

CHEATING UNCLE SAM.

The New York custom house is in for an examination of its records and its corps of officials, inspectors and clerks which promises to furnish material for news and discussion unequaled in quality since the investigation of the life insurance companies.

Tammany, itself, has not developed so many sources of graft, has not built up a closer system, than, it is alleged, exists, or has existed, among government employes at the port of New York. Importers have been shown by examiners the way to dodge the payments of duty. Appraisers have entered goods at lower rates than the law calls for and have forced other importers to come to terms by making a business of appraising their goods higher than they should be. Fruit merchants have been compelled to enter the ring by the knowledge forced upon them that cargoes can be left upon the docks to rot if inspectors choose. Appraisers have been party to plots to sell ignorant rich men imitations of old paintings, fixing excessive charges. Clerks have played the game of delay and obstruction. Passengers have been induced to "come across" by the simple scheme of driving them into fits of anger with rudeness and inattention. And once the importer, or the passenger, pays he is party to the crime and, of course, will strenuously deny all knowledge of cheating Uncle Sam.

After William Loeb brings virtue, or a passable imitation of it, into the New York custom office it might be well to send him journeying to other ports of entry.

NEEDED: AN EXCUSE FOR BEING

Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, has suspended the acting superintendent of the coast and geodetic survey and reduced the pay of another member upon charges of administrative irregularities.

The department of commerce and labor is getting to be the most business-like institution in the government service. Mr. Nagel appears to have directness and firmness. Soon after taking his office he let it be known that he was running the department. A director of the census retired when this was brought to his realization. That bureau appears to have lost nothing by the change. The country would like to see Mr. Nagel carry his reform measures into the most distant fence corner of his particular field. We hope he will not stop with suspending members of the geodetic survey, but will try to make the bureau show an excuse for its being.

It is supposed to make surveys of the coats—judging by the name—chart reefs, mark depths and keep an eye upon tides. The government handbooks do not explain the service; they no more than list the names and titles of the officers. It appears to be as vague as some of the bureaus of the navy department. We learn that there is a superintendent, an assistant superintendent, assistant in charge of the office, inspector of hydrography and topoghraphy, inspector of charts, disbursing agent, editor, together with chiefs of divisions as follows: "Computing, drawing and engraving, instrument, library and archives, terrestrial magnetism and tidal." The whole business suggests sinecures, swivel chairs and afternoon naps—all "pretty soft," to use the slang of yesterday.

THE KAISER'S ARMY.

The methodical minds of the German people are no more spectacularly displayed than in the way the empire plays the war game. "We don't want to fight, but we are ready," is a conventional saying among the soldiers. How amazingly ready they are is well set forth in an article in the latest issue of McClure's magazine.

An army of 400,000 men and 800 guns can be rushed to the frontier on 12 hours' notice. Within two or three days, 1,000,000 fully equipped, armed and rationed, could be placed in the field. Two weeks after, the reserve of 2,000,000 would be prepared for service. Every soldier and reservist have secret instructions telling them in minute detail what to do and where to report when notified of the breaking out of war. A war chest, to be used only for the purpose of speeding the movements of troops in the first few days of hostilities, is maintained. Available soldiers' rations are kept cooked weeks ahead. The garrisons, barracks, forts, depots and supply stations are administered so that instant distribution of food and accoutrements can be made, without haste, waste, red tape or the usual aggravating fussiness of quartermasters and commissaries. The arms, as it is well known, are always in line with the latest invention. With the airship service, the minute information gathered by scouts and spies, and the preparedness of German's army it is plainly evident why the rulers of Britain wish the expected war to come before the German navy is brought up to her own standard. A wait to 1913—when the navies will be on a par—would mean indisputably the invasion of England—the first possible since the year 1066.

The Cook-Peary controversy will give the debating societies something new to work on during the winter. "Resolved, That Grant was a greater general than Lee," can be given a rest.

Uncle Joe Cannon is posing as the only living stalwart Republican. But the party will survive.

ITO THE WAKER.

To no other man as to Marquis Hirobumi Ito does Japan owe her awakening from the Asiatic torpor. His long public career was devoted to westernizing his country. Upon his return home from every visit to America and Europe he instituted changes and reforms which have become a part of Japanese administration.

This country first knew of Ito in 1870, when he came over for the purpose of studying our system of coinage. The next year he was busy superintending the building of a mint at Osaka. Then for many years he was absorbed in the task of railroad construction, studying the lines of this country and attempting to stir his fellow Japanese into an interest in the ways of the rest of the world. His investigations at Berlin brought about the adoption of the new Japanese constitution on the German model, the application of the German system to the army and of German methods in the conduct of government bureaus.

The assassination of Marquis Ito can but react upon Korea. The Japanese protectorate has been exceedingly harsh. Tokio apparently has looked upon the little kingdom as entirely its own in fact if not by the courtesy of words. It may be taken for granted that the ruling of Korea will henceforth be made more tyrannical than ever.

MUSIC IN AMERICA.

Herman Klein, a teacher of singing in New York, has been telling audiences in London that there is no real love for music in America.

It is dangerous business to contradict an expert. But, in this instance, patriotism demands that we question Mr. Klein—or is it Professor Klein? Surely the evidence is against him. New York, alone, supports two great opera houses. To be present when a popular opera is on is to be impressed with the discriminating knowledge of music that the audience displays. Glance at the boxes. There one beholds groups of beautiful women and handsome men so perfectly acquainted with the opera that they have to pay no attention to it whatever, but can gossip and chatter and laugh undisturbed by the singers and the orchestra. As for the rest of the audience, it proves the possession of a musical education by gazing fixedly at the box-holders, the stage-picture being unnecessary to a true appreciation of the composition. The charges of Mr. Klein appear the more unreasonable when one recalls how hundreds are thrilled at symphony concerts, fair women moved to the patting of gloved hands and strong men lulled to sleep in their chairs.

To clinch our demurrer we direct attention to the fact that Americans have made great successes in music in their own country when they have assumed Italian names and grown dense wildernesses of hair.

Mr. Klein ought to be more certain of his material before he weaves it into a lecture.

MR. TAFT AND CANNONISM.

The President's tour will have gained him a good deal if he learns from it nothing else than that the country is heartily sick of Joseph G. Cannon. The Cincinnati Enquirer says.

On this trip around the country with the President, it is learned that if there is one question about which Republicans everywhere are concerned, it is with the elimination of Cannonism. There are differences in the middle west with regard to the tariff; differences elsewhere on the conservation policy; but there is unanimity everywhere on the point that Cannon is an incubus to the Republican party, and that if the party is compelled to carry him through the next congressional campaign all hope of saving the house to the Republicans may as well be abandoned. This sentiment is prevalent in Illinois and Minnesota, as well as in Idaho, Montana, Oregon and California. It is shared by conservatives as well as by radicals, and a long-distance prediction may be hazarded that when the time comes sufficient influence will be brought to bear upon the speaker to compel him to decline a renomination for congress.

It is not within reason to expect Cannon to decline a renomination. The support of the Republicans of the Danville district will be all the vindication that he would desire. Considering his victory last year and his present apparent popularity in the district, his re-election might safely be counted upon. But this does not mean that he should return to the house to become speaker again, that he should have the opportunity to make new compacts with Tammany for the New York delegation's votes. The President can make Cannon's return to the speaker's desk at the next congress impossible.

WHO CARRIED THE MESSAGE?

In the spring of 1898 the military attache at the American legation, in Chile, was called home and was detailed to the bureau of military information in the war department. The war with Spain came on and the army officer disappeared. Some one who knew why told a newspaper correspondent and from that moment the life of Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan was many degrees less certain than that of the student of explosives.

Lieutenant Rowan—now Major Rowan—is famous in history as the man who carried the message to Garcia. How he dodged Spanish spies and knives and poison, how he posed in turn as Spaniard, Cuban and Englishman, how, at last, he reached his goal and came away with an answer and a head stored with valuable information, have all seemed a less important part of the exploit than that Rowan accepted the orders without comment and did his whole duty resourcefully, indomitably, without boasting. On December 1, Major Rowan is to retire. If his service had been no more—and it has been much more—than carrying that word to Garcia, his country would owe him its fullest honor.

GENERAL HOWARD.

The name of General Howard has not been seen in the newspapers many times in the last few years. But in the days when the news of the battles made its tardy way out of the south, and in the years of reconstruction, it was a familiar name in the public prints, one associated with the bigger movement of troops and later with the labor of healing the scars the war had left.

General Howard was in more than 20 of the important battles of the great conflict. Shortly after his graduation from West Point he saw service in the expedition against the Seminoles, in Florida. When the war broke out he was made a colonel of volunteers. At Fair Oaks he lost his right arm. He commanded at Antietam and Fredericksburg. As commander of the Eleventh corps he was at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. His was the "right wing" of General Sherman, the army of the Tennessee, in the march through Georgia. In 1864 he was appointed a brigadier general in the regular army.

General Howard's service after the war was as commanding as that throughout the conflict. He was made commissioner of the Freedman's Bureau and caused the foundation of Howard University, an institution for the higher education of the negro. Back to the army again in 1874, he was placed in command of the department of the Columbia, conducting four campaigns against the Indians, one of them the spectacular Nez Perces war. He was once more a major general in 1886, retiring eight years later.

CLASHING OPINIONS.

The President and the waterways commission disagree entirely upon the wisdom of issuing bonds for the improvement of inland waters. Mr. Taft favors the borrowing of money for the purpose, but he distinctly emphasizes the necessity of avoiding its apportionment for the benefit of any one section or to aid any congressman to get back to Washington.

The waterways commission, which recently returned from Europe, after viewing the canals and studying their control, is dead set against the bond issue. The National Harbors and Rivers congress, which is to hold its annual meeting in Washington in December, will probably get the cold shoulder from those who were in the junketing party. So far, the junketers have been very reticent about the recommendations they will make, and it is said that their report will be held up for a year though their observations were made in two months.

It will be a difficult matter for the country to decide whether Mr. Taft, or the waterways commission, is in the right. One important thing on the President's side of the argument is that Joseph G. Cannon has pronounced himself unequivocably against the proposal.

NOT A MATTER OF CHOICE.

"If I could have my way," says James J. Hill, "I should build a couple of warships a year less. Perhaps one would do. I would take that $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 and start at least one thousand agricultural schools in the United States at $5,000 a year each, in the shape of model farms."

If everyone might have his way he would, if he could, without injury to his country, throw the whole navy into the scrap heap and melt up every rifle in the army. The appropriations could be used in scores of ways that would be better for the nation and humanity in general than maintaining forces of defense. But so long as other nations cast guns and assemble men-of-war, so long must we, for our own safety, do the same thing.

There has been a good deal of murmuring recently over what is considered dangerous meddling in Asia. One may rest assured that this government will never go to war to protect the rich investors. These men are taking their chances in China as they take them in business at home. Yet if Japanese immigration increases, if the conditions the Asiatics bring about on the Pacific coast become less bearable, and if they continue to replace white men at work because they will serve for a lower wage, the conflict is forecast with reasonable certainty. We have to have the warships, however much peace societies condemn war, however much everyone dislikes the idea of it.

Still, the model farm suggestion is a good one. It is possible that the federal treasury could spare the $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a year without a strain. Indeed, these sums and more might be saved by putting a stop to such practices as, for instance, the free distribution of five-cent packets of cucumber seed.

A SLAP AT HIGH BROWS.

"We are overburdened with high brows," says Thomas A. Edison. "We have too many professors and academicians."

This surely is a busy world, and the harder a man works in it the more he discovers there is to be done, the more anxious he is to see things done, the less time he takes to brush the dust of granite from his hands before he assumes the next job, the greater the irritation and impatience he displays toward those he terms—with little courtesy—the unproductive. It is given to everyone to catch occasional glimpses of wonders that could be accomplished, of marvels which could be digged from the earth, of happiness which could be brought about, if only such and such work were undertaken. Mr. Edison probably has had more of these great visions than anyone else in this country. It irks him that men should muss over ancient manuscripts or dispute over species of shellfish. Rather, he thinks, should they be up and doing, holding nature up for comforts, forcing content out of the energies of sky and earth.

And still human nature yearns for the wisdom which cannot be utilized. It loves to gorge itself with the indigestible facts of history and science and metaphysical speculation. How fine for humanity it would be if all worked all the time to cure its ills—and how fearuflly, fearfully wearisome!

Having been in this country a whole week, Mrs. Pankhurst feels free to say that the women of America are as well fitted for the ballot as the men. Unquestionably the women of Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming, who have had some practice with the ballot, will agree with her.

"I am a doer rather than a talker," declares Mrs. Pankhurst. And then she starts a flow of language that would cause mere man to turn his back to the wall and call for reinforcements.

When half a dozen women stop on the corner on their way home from church, nine chances to one they are not discussing the sermon.

The question mark is a great favorite with men of science.

President Taft continues to eat his way around the circle.

'POSSUM.

Two very dismal and hungry darkies were riding upon a country road in Georgia. Half to himself, one of them said:

"I tell you what I'd like: a 'possum in the pan, sizzlin' hot, brown, but not too brown. Sweet potatoes in the gravy 'long side it. Hominy a-steamin'——"

"Hush up there, yo' nigga," shouted his companion, "befo' I done fall off dis mule."

All the south has assumed that President Taft was a vast and receptive cavity, fainting at the longing thought of 'possum and sweet potatoes. Its hospitality has leaped to the relief. 'Possums have been paraded to the doors of the executive's car, 'possums shoved through the windows, 'possums placed charitably among the baggage and impedimenta, 'possums garnished and in their native skin, with sweet potatoes and without, 'possums until the porters slipped in the grease and cooks slipped them surreptitiously overboard between stations.

Some afternoon we expect to get a dispatch quoting the President:

"Smother that smell of 'possum before I throw myself in desperation off this train."

Come! Buy My Roses.

Come! buy my roses, beautiful lasses,
Fresh from the garden culled by me;
Come! buy my roses—time lightly passes—
Therefore I twine them happy and free.
Then with my store I skip away
And cry with spirits gay—
"Fresh posies! sweet roses! buy of me."

Love-stricken fair ones! list to my ditty—
Heart's-ease I've plenty as here you may see,
Snares thicken round you—ah! more's the pity!
Careful, then, like your poor flower girl be,
Love's richest odors soonest fly—
I've safer—pray you try—
"Fresh posies! sweet roses! buy of me!"

Ye, not unwounded, who see me thus smiling,
Ask me what yields me this heart-cheering glee?
Know, then, of lovers—ah! flatterers beguiling!
None have I trusted—take counsel by me—
There lies the charm—or how could I
So freely, gayly cry—
"Fresh posies! sweet roses! buy of me."

—Sir J. Stevenson.

British Food Faddists.

London Telegraph.

Enthusiasts and faddists are the most difficult of all people to be persuaded into taking a reasonable and moderate view of things in general, and their own special cause in particular. And among the most intolerent of that class the rigid vegetarian certainly takes a high place. Such a thing as "the other side" never occurs to those who would prevent our indulgence in the juicy steak or the succulent grouse or even the delicate and easily digested sole. No argument comes amiss to these self-styled "reformers," whether on the grounds of health, morality, beneficence or self-interest. With them all roads lead to food reform, and there are no obstacles they do not strive to overcome to achieve their end. In common fairness it must be stated that wholeheartdness and a firm conviction in the truth of their creed characterize the actions of non-flesh eaters. Many are the bulky tomes the pages of which have been carefully read in search of evidence in favor of a fruit, vegetable and cereal diet; and indeed, examples of the benefits of this class of food are not wanting. That fish, flesh and fowl should be excluded from our dinner tables is, of course, the ideal of the extremists, but there is not much likelihood of its being adopted in this country.

It is very well to show on paper the relative nutritive values of different classes of food, and use them as a structure on which to base calculations to prove that we should live on nuts and such like luxuries; but the average man in the street will have none of it. In this generally cold and cheerless climate it is but natural to incline toward a diet of which meat forms a inconsiderable part. Food controversies, however, are best avoided, as there is seldom any finality in the arguments on either side, but one thing is quite certain, viz: that we in this country do not sufficiently appreciate the free use of vegetables. Putting aside altogether the ideas of strict vegetarianism, it is indeed a pity that the average British housekeeper cannot be persuaded into the use of garden products for purposes other than a mere accompaniment to a dish of meat.

It would seem that the times when vegetables are extremely scarce and prohibitive in price are the only occasions on which there is a keen demand for green stuffs. As soon as supplies are plentiful and the produce good and cheap, the public taste runs in some other direction. Perhaps it is more accurate to state that consumers do not avail themselves of the favorable opportunities provided by enormous supplies of vegetables to try a wholesome and pleasant change of diet.

Penn's Burial Place.

Westminster Gazette.

For some time past there has been a movement in the United States for obtaining the permission of the English government to transfer the remains of William Penn from the little burial ground at Jordans, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire, to America, but the Middlesex and Buckingham Advertiser is in a position to state that any fear as to the accomplishment of that object are premature, and that there is little likelihood of the Society of Friends agreeing to any such proposal. But the request has been made, and will doubtless be made again, so that it behooves all lovers of this notable shrine to be watchful.

Mr. Edward Marsh, of Luton, who is one of the Friends closely associated with the maintenance of Jordans, informed our contemporary that there were certain negotiations pending in 1881 between a commissioner appointed by the commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the trustees of Jordans meeting house and burial ground with reference to the proposal to remove the bones of William Penn to Philadelphia. These negotiations came to an end, and they have never been resumed, the sentiment of the official custodians of Jordans being now, if possible, more completely opposed to any disturbance of human remains than it was 28 years ago.

Hawk and Weasel Fight in Air.

Fairfield (N. J.) Dispatch to New York Press.

A hen hawk and a weasel fought in midair here yesterday until both were injured fatally. Today Eben Van Duyne gave the bodies of the bird and the weasel to a taxidermist, with orders to mount them as they were locked in the death struggle. The battle in the air was interesting, and was watched by several farmers of this place.

The two enemies of the hen encountered each other when they were invading the chicken yard of Elston Trowbridge's farm. The farmer saw the hawk circling over his place and hurried out with his gun. The bird swooped down, and started upward with something in its claws. As it rose it fought wildly to drop the weasel, which it had picked up, evidently in mistake for a chicken.

The weasel sunk its teeth into the hawk's breast and clung there. The bird pecked frantically at the spot under its left wing where the weasel's head was. The weasel's body swung free as the bird tried to use its talons to throw it to the ground. As they fought the bird's flight became erratic, and finally it fell to the ground. Van Duyne, who had been watching the fight, rushed up, and found the combatants still struggling. The weasel's bite soon caused the bird to die, and the weasel had been injured so seriously by the hawk's talons that it, too, died. Van Duyne took the bodies, locked in the death grapple, to his home, and he is having them mounted to show how the battle was fought.

Foolish Pairs.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss,
And in less than a jiffy
They landed like this.

—Syracuse Herald.

THE POPE AND THE COMET

How a Paragraph in a Biographical History Has Led to Error.

W. F. Riggs in Popular Astronomy.

It seems that no article can be written on Halley's comet without bringing in the oft-told story of the bull which Pope Callixtus III. so ineffectually launched against it, or of the Angelus bells which were rung to frighten it away, or of the prayers which were to deliver the Christian world from the devil, the Turk and the comet. The truth-loving reader will, therefore, be probably most intensely surprised when he hears that, as an actual fact of sober history, there is no truth whatever in the story, not even in its least details. And the proof is easy and solid.

First. While Newcomb calls the bull a myth, but along with the Columbian and Chambers encyclopedias believes that prayers were ordered to be said against the comet, no allusion whatever to the Pope, the bells and the prayers is made by Sir John Herschel, Grant, Young, Comstock, Todd, Langley, the American Cyclopedia, the Encyclopedia Americana, the Encyclopaedia Britannica of 1902, etc. While this may be a negative argument, it is not, however, an inconclusive one, for why should these eminent authorities, all of them non-catholic, not mention the story if it is true, when so many other writers speak of it?

Second. The Bullarium Romanum is a large series of volumes containing in Latin most of the official documents ever issued by the popes, from St. Peter down to our own day. Owing to the definiteness of the reference and the short reign of Callixtus III., it was an easy task for me to read all the documents of this pope, and I can attest from my own personal knowledge that not only is there no bull against or concerning a comet, there is not even a paragraph, nor a phrase, not a word, which might be construed to refer to a comet.

Third. The story is so universally told and is to be found in so many writers, such as Arago, Draper, Babinet, Guillemin, White, of Cornell, etc., that most persons are really excusable when they are misled into the conviction of its truth, and then simply copy it and pass it on to the next generation. If the reader of these lines is really interested in the matter, I would refer him to an able article entitled "Of a Bull and a Comet" written by John Gerard, S.J., and published in The Month, London, in February, 1907. Here the whole story is traced to its fountain head, and it is shown by the best authorities, nearly all of them non-catholic, that not only no bull was ever launched against the comet, but prayers were not even ordered to be said against it, although the prevailing opinion of the scientific men of the time was that the comet foreboded calamity to the earth. Any one that wishes it may obtain a free reprint of the article in question by applying to the superintendent of parish schools, Broad and Vine streets, Philadelphia.

Fourth. The article just referred to traces the origin of the whole story about the bull against the comet to this one paragraph of Platina, in his Vitae Pontificum, published in Venice in 1479. As this writer was not only in Rome at the time, but was also archivist of the Vatican when he wrote his history, his authority ought to be of the utmost value. These are his exact words:

"A hairy and fiery comet having then made its appearance for several days, as the mathematicians declared that there would follow a grievous pestilence, dearth, and some great calamity, Callixtus—to avert the wrath of God—ordered supplications, taht if evils were impending for the human race, He would turn all upon the Turks, the enemies of the Christian name. He likewise ordered, to move God by continual entreaty, that notice should be given by the bells to all the faithful, at midday, to aid by their prayers those engaged in battle with the Turk."

Let us read the words again and study them carefully. 1. The Pope did not issue a bull against the comet; he ordered supplications. 2. He ordered these conditionally, "that if evils were impending," prudently neither admitting nor rejecting the authority of the mathematicians who declared that pestilence, dearth and some great calamity would follow the appearance of the comet. 3. He assumes no authority over the comet nor bids it be gone; he orders supplications, declaring himself to be a suppliant, that if evils were impending, God would turn them upon the enemies of the Christian name. 4. Bells are to be rung to remind the faithful to pray, not to frighten away the comet.

This one quotation from one author, which has been the germ of the whole comet story, weakened as it is by our simple analysis, becomes of no value whatever when we apply the rules of rational historical criticism. We have only the word of Platina that the Pope ordered supplications to be made and bells to be rung; he neither refers to any papal document, nor does he quote the Pope's exact words. Now, as the Bullarium Romanum contains all the official documents of all the popes, and as not one of the delcarations of Callixtus III. alludes in any manner whatever, directly or indirectly, to a comet, we have every reason to dismiss the testimony of Platina altogether. For this same reason we must also reject the testimony of Platina altogether. For this same reason we must also reject the testimony of each and every writer that mentions the comet story or any of its details, because not a single one of them has ever given the slightest reference to any official document ever promulgated by Callixtus III. whether in the Bullarium Romanum or out of it, nor supported his assertion by anything stronger than a quotation from a previous writer who was equally deficient in his historical proofs.

There is, therefore, no foundation whatever for the story that Callixtus III. issued a bull against or concerning a comet, that he ordered bells to be rung to frighten it away, and that he ordered prayers to be said to deliver the world from its influence.

CHURCH HAS SMUGGLERS' CAVE

Put to That Use When There Was No Religious Service.

London M. A. P.

Owing to the presence of the fleet in the Thames, Canvey Island has had a great influx of good class visitors. Everybody visits the one little church with its many stained glass windows, which is famous for some amazing smuggling exploits.

The present vicar, the Rev. Watson Hagger, M. A., relates how within the last half century, before he was appointed, the church was served from the mainland village of Benfleet. The bishop of the diocese had arranged for 26 services to be conducted during the year, intending, of course, that they should be held fortnightly.

Instead, however, they were held consecutively, so for six months of the year the church was never opened. Taking advantage of this extraordinary state of things, a band of smugglers used the building as a very safe hiding place for storing kegs of rum, bales of tobacco, laces and other contraband goods.

Some of these daring smugglers are still living on the island.

Philately of Aviation.

London Globe.

One of the very few genuine "varieties" in stamps is announced. It would be more correct to say it is a rare postmark. Rare it will be if interested parties did not take advantage of the occurrence and have addressed to themselves thousands of envelopes bearing the mark. It seems that during the now historic aviation week at Rheims a temporary postoffice was set up on the aviation ground, and all letters there posted bearing the ordinary French stamps were postmarked "Betheny-Aviation," besides the various service marks. The marking stamp was hexagonal, instead of round. These stamps will no doubt, be curiosities. Time will tell whether they will be sought after like the unnecessary Brunel provisionals, which in the aggregate must have fetched just as high a sum as the year's revenue of the swamp in which they were issued.

Origin of Sailors' Collars.

London Globe.

In the course of an after dinner chat recorded in Sir Algernon West's Recollections, the late Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, who served in the navy under four sovereigns, said that the blue collars worn by sailors had their origin in the dressing of the pigtails—which Sir Harry recollected being in use—when a blue cloth was put on the men's shoulders to keep the grease off their jackets. The pigtails disappeared, but the collars remain to this day.

Varieties

Black beeswax comes from Burma.

The hop consumption of England is decreasing.

Europe's demand for American apples is increasing.

A single fly has been known to carry 100,000 bacteria.

Fast freight line service of this country uses 32,000 cars.

Sixty-five thousand enumerators will take the next census.

The cigaret was introduced into England 60 years ago.

The Salvation Army was established in 1865 by General Booth.

At last reports there were 61,158 postoffices in this country.

The Turkish turban contains about 20 yards of material.

There are 172 telegraph and 85 telephone offices in Korea.

Glass bricks inserted in the wall now take the place of windows.

One town in Spain has one hunchback to every 13 inhabitants.

In England a dog used to guide a blind person is exempt from taxation.

On the farms of England last year there were 1,494,089 horses employed.

The output of the mining industry of Japan for 1908 totaled $51,583,000.

The Royal Humane society during last year made 772 awards for heroism.

The flour mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat every year.

In the course of his aeronautical experiments M. Bleriot has met with 50 accidents.

The total number of locomotives in use in this country at the end of 1907 was 55,968.

Each of the British Dreadnoughts has a hospital with a capacity for 60 patients.

During the year 1908 the 544,935 acres under tea in India produced 246,722,551 pounds.

The coining value of the gold and silver of the mints of the world in 1907 totaled $4,963,002,850.

The average daily clearings of the New York clearing house last year amounted to $241,413,023.

Chicago is considering plans for an extensive subway system of railways to cost $80,000,000.

Greece has practically no coal deposits. Whatever electric power it has comes from waterfalls.

Asbestos was not used to any extent in a commercial way until the middle of the nineteenth century.

England's newest vessel of the Dreadnought type, the Neptune, has a displacement of 20,250 tons.

Canada's wheat crop is estimated at 168,386,000 bushels, or 43,696,000 bushels more than last year's.

About $25,000 worth of gold is taken from the chimneys of the United States mints every few years.

The Unitarians in their Pacific coast conference at Seattle declared themselves in favor of equal suffrage.

Austria is the country most lenient to murderers. A very small percentage of those convicted are executed.

In the United States the percentage of railroads which are not engaged in carriage of the mails is very small.

Roumania, with a population of only six and a half millions, could raise an army of 650,000 men if necessary.

Because horses are scarce in Madagascar a troop of native cavalry, used for scouting, has been mounted on oxen.

In August the country's imports of human hair were valued at $158,464. There is no duty on this class of merchandise.

In eighteenth-century England the fashionable woman's headdress often had to be left untouched for weeks at a time.

Sixty-two electric railway lines operate in and about the city of Paris. The annual average of passengers carried is 190,000,000.

Within five years Uruguay will have 140,000 olive trees, capable of producing 2,000,000 pounds of olives and 50,000 gallons of oil.

Reinforced concrete boats have proved so successful in Italy that five vessels, each of 120 tons or larger, have been built for the navy.

Since its introduction from America the chigger has spread far and wide along the west coast of Africa and is now a greatly dreaded pest.

Of the 110 tons of sausage offered for sale at a recent fair in Paris, nine tons were made of horse meat and 17 of mule or donkey meat.

With the completion of the Benguella railway, from the Zambesi to the Congo border, Rhodesia will have a service of 3,500 miles of railroads.

A dental college has been added to the University of Madrid, whose graduates will be allowed to practice in Spain without further examination.

Electricity has replaced mules as the motive power on the street railways of Santos, the Brazilian city from which so much coffee is exported.

Two blind girls from the Royal normal college for the blind have given some marvelous exhibitions of roller skating, including a waltz on skates.

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2459—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with or without back yoke-facing. An excellent model for madras, heavy linen or flannel. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2772—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3056—Girls' Coat. Develops well in serge, broadcloth, or bengaline. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3077—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse having removable shield, and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands; and knickerbockers. Red serge was used for this little model. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2831—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box plait at center-back seam, and tucks at other seams and at center-front. Chiffon, Panama, broadcloth or serge make up well in this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

3067—Ladies' Nine-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at center-back seam and side-plaits at lower part of the other seams. This is an excellent model for any of the season's suitings. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1899—Girls' Apron, with square yoke and star bertha. Persian or Victoria lawn or gingham are excellent for this little model. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

1554—Infants' Slips, one gathered at neck with bishop sleeves, and the other without fullness at the neck and with plain sleeves. Any of the sheer white materials would be pretty developed in this model. One size.

3059—Ladies' Princess Dress in Coat Style. A neat model for pongee, serge or mohair. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2700—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress in "Gibson" style and having an attached seven-gored skirt. A pretty model for mohair, pongee or foulards. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2896—Ladies' Shirt Waist. Linen, cross-barred lawn or madras are excellent for this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2140—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. Pongee, mohair or crepe would be pretty developed in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2537—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Dress, with three-quarter sleeves. An excellent model for heavy linen, challis, cashmere or serge. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

3080—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Dress. A neat little everyday model for flannel, challis or mohair. 5 sizes—3 to 11 years.

2773—Ladies' Four-Gored Skirt, with an inverted box-plait at each seam. This would be pretty developed in chiffon, Panama, serge, Venetian cloth or broadcloth. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2495—Ladies' Thirteen-Gored Skirt. Adaptable to serge, broadcloth or mohair. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2541—Ladies' Corset-Cover, closing at back. Nainsook, Persian or Victoria lawn develops well in this style. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2420—Ladies' Dressing Sack with three-quarter length sleeves. Challis, lawn, cretonne or percale all develop to advantage in this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2902—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing with buttons down the front. Navy blue pongee would be pretty developed in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

3082—Ladies' Full Length Coat. An excellent model for cheviot and broadcloth. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

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...ton, Ky., Oct. 30.—Advices ...ston county are that excited ...er night-rider raids is at fever ...t that troops may be requested ...overnor Willson.

...e raids on the homes of ... Longnecker and George ...wealthy farmers, Wednesday ...ery tobacco grower who did ...er the burley tobacco society ...ed himself.

WOMEN AS FARMERS

Success of Those Who Renounced Husbands for Husbandry.

The 770,055 girls and women who have renounced husbands for husbandry already have grasped a big share of the $3,000,000,000 crop of the United States. According to Kate Crotchett, in the Woman's World, the woman farmer is now a factor to be reckoned with.

From what was a broken down cotton farm during her husband's lifetime one woman has made on tea $200 an acre, she says. And in hundreds of other instances women who have begun to handle the business end of farming are making it pay marvelously. Many take up other specialties, such as violets, roses or fine vegetables for special markets. Some have peony or carnation farms.

Then there are cattle ranches, hog ranches, silk worm culture, chicken farms, pigeon cotes, dog kennels, catteries—an infinite number of good occupations in which women may excel. And on the women's farms there will be telephones, graphaphones, books, bathtubs and other mitigations of the isolated life.

Mrs. Clara Ellsworth, of South Carolina, was left a few years ago a widow, with three children, she related. She had a cotton farm. But the profits were small, and she almost made up her mind to give up the fight, move into town and keep a boardinghouse. This idea was distasteful to her, and her children objected to it, too. Mrs. Ellsworth decided to stay and try a new plan. She visited the tea gardens at Princehurst, and was shown the secrets of tea raising by Dr. Shepard. Then she went home to have it out with her farm.

For the first three years she did not reduce her cotton crop, but used only her surplus land for tea. From the plants in the second year she gathered and sold a little more than 50 pounds to the acre. She was out of pocket, but not at all discouraged, for she knew the heaviest expense had already been met in the preparation of the ground. She persevered, and now has 10 acres in bearing tea plants. The plants become more valuable each year, and require less work, which makes the crop an excellent one for a woman to undertake, but, of course, a necessity is well-drained land, rich soil and a climate which does not fall below 20 degrees.

Women are going into farming as never before. In the old way it was the men who had "the rigor of the game," and the women who waited on the men while they played it. The zest of the life was for the men, and the women patched their clothes and wore their down-at-heel shoes, and at night wrestled in prayer whether they ought to ask "pa" for a new calico frock. Now they are going into business for themselves. It is they who are playing the game. It is they who have the responsibility—a very entertaining thing, responsibility, by the way. They who pay the bills reap the profits and spend the money as they please.

Among the successful coffee planters is Mrs. Jane P. Baird, of Vera Cruz, Mexico. It takes five years to derive profit from coffee raising, and this, Mrs. Baird says, keeps many from going into the business. Among the "stock raisers of the country is Mrs. Katherine Pearson, of Phoenix, Ariz. Her ostrich farm there yields a net profit of $2,000, and is the largest breeding ranch in America. She has now started a farm near Havana, Cuba.

"It is common for women to take up government claims, but of the great company of those who have essayed this few equal in courage or initiative the three Cruetz sisters, of Colorado. They lived down Lost Creek way, and are orphans. When their parents were taken from them they were mere children—the eldest not 16. They were all but destitute, but they had a love of adventure and were not afraid to test fortune.

They took up 160 acres and built a shanty, planted corn themselves and raised a good crop, which they marketed, and by living in strict economy put up a three-room cottage, bought a horse and went on farming. At the end of four years they have found themselves able to buy an additional 160 acres from the government. This is partly timbered, and they get their fuel from it. They now have a home supplied with the necessaries, good farming implements, horses, cattle, chickens and other farm animals, and rank among the leading farmers of the community for industry, thrift, ingenuity and steadiness.

BROTHER OF A REBEL

Quits as Minister From Nicaragua.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Senor Don Rodolfo Espinosa, minister from Nicaragua to the United States, has resigned. He originally tendered his resignation to President Zelaya on September 20, but the latter delayed in accepting it in view of the desirability of keeping the minister here during the present critical conditions in Nicaragua.

Saturday last the minister learned that his younger brother, Amelio, was acting in the capacity of general minister of the provisional government, set up by the revolutionists. As soon as he learned this, the minister cabled to President Zelaya, urging a prompt acceptance of his resignation that it was not proper that he should act in Washington as minister of the regular government in the circumstances, holding that prue and decorum prevented this.

The president immediately telegraphed accepting the resignation, and yesterday Dr. Espinosa presented the secretary of the legation, Felipe Rodriguez, as charge d'affairs to Acting Secretary Wilson, of the state department. Dr. Espinosa will remain in this city for a short time, and then either will return to Nicaragua, or go on a trip to Europe.

The minister today expressed his appreciation of the kind treatment that he had received during his official career in Washington.

ARMY OFFICER DISMISSED

Lieut. Terry Breaks Pledge to Abstain From Liquor.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Found guilty of breaking a pledge taken in 1906 to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors for five years, First Lieutenant Edward W. Terry, of the Twenty-second infantry, has been dismissed from the army.

The presidential approval of the sentence imposed by the court martial at Fort Gibbon, Alaska, was announced at the war department. In addition to violating the pledge, the officer was charged with drunkenness on duty.

Lieutenant Terry was a captain in the First Louisiana infantry volunteers in 1898, when the Spanish-American war broke out. After the war he became a lieutenant in the Seventh United States infantry and was finally transferred to the Twenty-second.

GEN. O. O. HOWARD DEAD

Last Commander of Civil War Armies Is Stricken at His Home.

General Oliver O. Howard, one of the most widely known of all the civil war veterans, died at his home in Burlington, Vt., last night. He was 79 years old and an attack of heart disease was more than he could successfully combat.

Owing to his connection with many lines of activity and his frequent lecture tours, General Howard was a familiar figure in all parts of the country. He often had visited Toledo, his last appearance here being during the Grand Army encampment last year.

West Point Graduate.

General Howard was born in Leeds, Me., November 8, 1830. He entered the West Point military academy September 1, 1850, and four years later, July 1, 1854, was breveted second lieutenant. On February 15, the following year, he was made a second lieutenant, and on July 1, 1857, was promoted to first lieutenant.

On June 4, 1861, Lieutenant Howard organized the Third Maine infantry, and three days later he resigned his commission in the regular army. On September 3, the same year, he was made brigadier general, and on November 29, 1862, he was promoted to major general. On December 21, 1864, he was appointed to the rank of brigadier general of the regular service, and on January 1, 1869, he was honorably mustered out of the volunteer service.

General Howard was made major general in 1886, and on November 8, 1894, he reached the retired list. He was breveted major general March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Ezra Church, and during the campaign against Atlanta.

Won Thanks of Congress.

General Howard was one of the few persons to whom the thanks of congress were ever extended. On January 28, 1864, a joint resolution was adopted by congress declaring that "the gratitude of the American people and the thanks of their representatives in congress are due to Major General Howard and the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac for the skill and heroic valor with which they, at Gettysburg, repulsed, defeated and drove back, broken and dissipirited, beyond the Rappahannock, the veteran army of the rebellion."

He was awarded a medal of honor in 1893 for distinguished bravery at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va., June 1, 1862, where he was twice severely wounded in the right arm, necessitating its amputation. He served in the Seminole campaign in Florida. He was instructor and assistant professor in mathematics at West Point from 1857 to 1861. He commanded a brigade at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, and participated in many great battles. General Howard was appointed, in July, 1864, commander of the Department of Tennessee. He was the first commander of the Freedman's Bureau, and always was an ardent friend of the negro race.

Established a University.

General Howard was largely instrumental in establishing in Washington Howard university, which was named in his honor and was its president from 1869 to 1873. He was a trustee of the institution at that time. He was a commissioner to the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico in 1872. He commanded the Nez Perces campaign in 1877 and the Bannock war in 1878.

One of the most conspicuous parts of General Howard's military record was his campaign against the Nez Perce Indians, resulting in his driving them across the Sierra Nevada mountains where, ultimately, they surrendered to General Nelson A. Miles. He was superintendent of the Military academy from 1851 to 1882. Later he was commander of the departments of the Platte, the Pacific and the Atlantic.

General Howard was chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France in 1884; commander of Medal of Honor Legion from 1904, and of the Vermont commandery, Loyal Legion, in 1896 to 1898. He, in addition to being a popular lecturer was an author of considerable note.

Until the very last he was "in the harness," for all last week he was delivering his lecture on Abraham Lincoln in the towns and cities of Ontario.

PEOPLE LIVE ON ROOFS

Hundreds Made Homeless by Mexican Cloudburst.

Mexico City, Oct. 27.—An estimated crop loss of 5,000,000 pesos and two persons killed, with many others missing from the hundreds of homes washed away, and thousands of cattle drowned, are the known results of a disastrous cloudburst and storm that broke over Tabasco yesterday, following 21 days of incessant rain. Rivers are out of their banks, towns are inundated, thousands are homeless and no relief is yet in sight.

From north to south, extending across the state, from the Mescalapa and the Grijalva rivers, which take the two names, after forking near Huinaguillo, to the banks of the Usumacinta, which, for a short distance, marks the boundary between Chiapas and Guatemala, the country is a waste. Only the mountain villages and plateau farms escaped the waters.

Five hundred families are homeless in the city of Atasta alone. Other cities and towns inundated are Huinaguillo, Tenosique, Jalapa, Tlacotalpam, Tlapa, Santa Rosa and a number of smaller villages along the Mesalapa river, while on the south border of the state, Jonuta, Balacan, Carmen, Palizada and Santa Rita, in the valley of the Usumacinta river, are badly damaged.

A total of 32½ inches of water has fallen in the state in three weeks. This is the record for rainfall in 32 years. The lower part of San Juan Bautista is under water. Temporary lodging houses have been fitted up and more than a thousand persons are fed and lodged at the city's expense.

So complete is the inundation of Santa Rosa that it resembles an arm of the sea. Streets, parks and gardens are inundated by three feet of water and the residents are living on roofs, shivering and starving.

The state government is assisting the stricken cities and it is likely that the governor will send out an appeal to the federal government for aid.

STOCK ALLOTMENT DECLARED

Philadelphia, Nov. 1.—The directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad company today declared a stock allotment of 25 per cent at par. After the meeting President McCrea stated that this allotment would raise about $80,000,000 to meet the $60,000,000 of notes and $20,000,000 general mortgage bonds maturing during 1910, and that all improvements to the property, including the completion of the New York tunnel extension and any new equipment that the company may require during 1910 will be paid out of the surplus income and funds now in the treasury of the company.

The regular semi-annual dividend of three per cent was declared today.

Reviewing Toledo Parade

One of the last photographs taken of Gen. O. O. Howard. This was made by The Blade staff photographer as General Howard sat in the reviewing stand during the great parade of the Grand Army in Toledo last year.

BLOCK TAFT'S STEAMER

Captains of River Boats Violate Orders.

Natchez, Miss., Oct. 29.—Not since the day the battleship Mississippi visited Natchez and won the river speed record fro this city to New Orleans, has there been such a crowd on the bluff as that which greeted President Taft upon his arrival here this morning on board the light-house tender Oleander at 9:40 a. m.

The President was nearly three hours behind time. Eight of the other vessels of the waterways fleet were in sight when the Oleander pointed her nose into the bank. This was due to the fact that the Oleander, which shook off all the other boats yesterday in the run to Vicksburg and caused the governors and congressmen temporarily to desert their steamers for a special train, got into difficulties herself last night, and could not make her usual speed. One of the regular fireman had to be put ashore at Memphis on account of illness and a green hand at the fires succeeded in choking them.

Another reason for the long delay in reaching here was due to the fact that the boats arriving at Vicksburg after the Oleander last night crowded into the harbor canal in direct violation of the orders and blocked the exit of the President. The Oleander had to lay to for an hour and a half after casting off from the shore.

Every pilot or master blamed the other for the choked condition of the harbor, and it required a great deal of tact to get things straightened out.

DEFIES HIS ACCUSERS

Ballinger, Back From His Inspection Tour, Answers His Critics.

Washington, Oct. 28.—Secretary Richard A. Ballinger, of the department of the interior, who returned to Washington last night after an extensive tour of inspection of the public domain and interests in the far west under the jurisdiction of his department, gave out today a statement which is regarded as a declaration of his policy as to these matters.

The statement is written in the third person, and takes up the various features of the work of the department, devoting particular attention to the various reclamation enterprises, and especially to the subject of water power sites on the public domain.

Wants a Bond Issue.

Secretary Ballinger states that during his trip, "most of the principal government reclamation projects have been visited, some of them with the senate committee on irrigation. The water users and settlers upon the reclamation projects have been conferred with, as well as the government officers in the field, respecting existing projects, as well as questions which may involve the improvement of the service and the advancement of the interests of the settlers."

Respecting the reclamation work of the government in the west, the studies made by the secretary have inspired him, the statement says, "with an ambition to complete existing projects as rapidly as business prudence and moneys available will permit, and he is earnestly in favor of securing authority from congress for the issuance of bonds against the reclamation funds to give the service the means whereby all existing projects can be speedily completed and necessary extensions undertaken."

Refuses to Discuss Pinchot.

The secretary declined to discuss any phase of the controversy regarding conservation policies which has been described as existing between himself and Gifford Pinchot, the government forester. He made it plain that he will deal with the subject of conservation in his annual report, to which he will soon give attention.

He declared himself in hearty accord with President Taft as to the undertaking of irrigation work only where probable feasibility warrants the expenditures of the funds, and "independent of local or political considerations. Every measure is to be adopted on the ground that it will be useful for the whole country."

Confidence is expressed by the secretary that when his attitude in regard to this subject is known to the public both people and congress will be in hearty accord with the administrative policies of the interior department. In his report, the secretary declares, he will place special emphasis upon the right use and disposition of the coal, phosphate, oil and other mineral deposits, water power sites and other important natural resources of the public domain. The activities of the department, the secretary declared, will also show "an aggressive and untiring effort to prevent the illegal and improper disposition of the public domain."

Protection From Floods.

Mr. Ballinger describes himself as "keenly alive to the importance of reclamation work in restraining flood waters and protecting the great river basins of the west, from destructive floods."

The secretary is very emphatic in his commendation of the personnel of the engineers and subordinates in the reclamation service and for the high type of construction and durability of the work on the various projects, for which they are responsible, as well as their general efficiency and integrity.

MANY MINERS ARE KILLED

Serious Explosion in a Big Welsh Colliery.

London, Oct. 29.—A score of miners were killed by an explosion in the Rhymney Iron company's colliery in Glamorganshire, Wales, today. Manager Bowen and two companions who attempted a rescue were themselves overcome by the afterdamp and perished.

DEATH ENDS ALL GAMES

Fatality in Football Is Severe Blow to West Point Cadets.

West Point, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Because of the death of Eugene A. Byrne, of Buffalo, no more football will be played by the West Point eleven this year. This statement was made this morning by Colonel Hugh L. Scott, superintendent of the United States Military Academy, after a consultation with the athletic authorities of the academy on the death of young Byrne, who died Sunday morning as a result of injuries sustained in the Harvard game Saturday.

Col. Scott sent the following message to the naval academy at Annapolis:

"To Superintendent, Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.:

"On account of the sorrow over the loss of a member of our football team and out of respect to his memory, West Point desires to cease playing football for the remainder of the season. H. L. Scott,

"Colonel, U. S. A., Superintendent."

The decision of Col. Scott means the cancellation of the annual struggle between the army and navy which was to have taken place at Franklin field, Philadelphia, on the Saturday following Thanksgiving.

Father a Veteran.

The army is accustomed to death, but not in this deplorable form; and this tragedy of the gridiron has brought such poignant grief to officers and cadets alike that the end of football at West Point and Annapolis is predicted by many.

Young Byrne expired just as the sun was rising over the hills along the Hudson, with his grief-stricken father, John Byrne, a civil war veteran, at his bedside. Brave as was the young soldier's fight against death, it was hopeless from the start. Buried beneath a mass of struggling players in the Harvard-Army game, his neck was twisted and broken by the weight of the crushing pile above him, and he was picked up with every nerve of his body, except those of his head and face, helpless to perform their functions.

Young Byrne was only 21 years old, but was a veteran of the army football team and popular with his classmates and officers. He was acting as captain of the 11, and he gave his life too early, perhaps, but as his father wished it, struggling on the field for the honor of the army.

Middy Also May Die.

Annapolis, Md., Nov. 1.—The condition of Midshipman Wilson, whose injuries are so similar to those that resulted in the death of Byrne, is about the same as it has been for two weeks. His injuries, consisting of a fracture of the fifth cervical veterbra and complete paralysis from the neck down, due to pressure on the spinal cord, were received in the game with Villa Nova. He does not realize his condition, but the surgeons expect his injury will ultimately result in death.

Fatality at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Nov. 1.—Michael Burke, 21 years of age, of Shenandoah, Pa., died here yesterday from injuries received in a football game Saturday. Burke, who was a member of the junior class of the Medico-Chirurgical college, received a blow on the head in attempting to tackle one of the opposing players. After the play he was found insensible on the field and died without regaining consciousness.

Indian Player Is Killed.

Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 1.—Roy Spybuck, 19 years old, an Indian football player of the second team of the Haskell Indian Institute, Lawrence, Kan., died last night of injuries suffered in a game at Buckner, Mo., Saturday. Spybuck played right tackle and as he dived for the ball he slipped and struck his head. Henry Spybuck, the young man's father, is a full blood Wyandotte Indian of Wyandotte, Okla.

U. S. OFFICIAL IS SUSPENDED

Washington, Oct. 30.—Frank Walley Perkins, acting superintendent of the United States coast and geodetic survey, was today suspended, without pay, and John J. Gilbert, inspector of hydrography and topography, reduced from $3,000 to $2,000 a year, as the result of charges of admininstrative irregularities. The action was taken by Acting Secretary of Commerce and Labor McHarg. Their cases will be passed upon later by Secretary Nagel, now in the west.

FEAR OUTBREAK IN KOREA

Foreign Observers Say Native Uprising Is Threatened.

London, Nov. 1.—The correspondent of the Star at Kobe, Japan, telegraphs that an outbreak in Korea is expected following a widespread unrest occasioned by the assassination of Prince Ito. He adds that General Okubo, commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in Korea, has abandoned his projected visit to Tokio, and is perfecting plans to deal with the threatened uprising.

THE WAY OUT

Change of Food Brought Success and Happiness.

An ambitious, but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair, for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were being cured by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith, but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

COOK IS VOTED DOWN

Monstrous Audience Refuses to Accept Story About Mt. McKinley.

Hamilton, Mont., Oct. 29.—After a stormy session lasting till midnight, a meeting addressed by Dr. Frederick A. Cook last night adopted a resolution expressing confidence in the veracity of Barrill and Printz, the guides who made affidavits that Cook did not climb Mt. McKinley.

The meeting started with an address by Dr. Cook, who attacked his enemies for disputing his having climbed Mt. McKinley, and declared he would prove they had spent money corruptly to obtain the affidavits against him.

Attorney Crutchfield, attorney for the guides, questioned Cook after his address and then the excitement broke forth. Crutchfield challenged Cook's statements. This brought on a discussion, the fellow townsmen of the guides taking sides.

Faces Former Guide.

J. H. Durston, editor of the Anaconda Standard, offered a resolution at this point asking that the meeting declare a lack of faith on the part of the entire people of Montana in all matters about which Dr. Cook made claims. Attorney Roland White, of San Francisco, who was in the audience, rose and as a citizen made a plea for fair play. Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, also took the floor and urged that fair play be accorded all parties to the controversy. Neither those who were opposed to Dr. Cook nor his friends would accept the Durston resolution, and it was withdrawn by its author.

Edward N. Burrill, the guide who accompanied Dr. Cook up Mt. McKinley, was called on, and taking the platform, declared that Dr. Cook's statements that they reached the top of Mt. McKinley were incorrect. Dr. Cook replied by asserting to Barrill's face that the latter's statements were false.

Signs an Affidavit.

The excitement at this point was intense. Barrill demanded to know why Cook did not make an affidavit to the effect that he had scaled Mt. McKinley. The challenge had no sooner been issued than it was accepted by the doctor, and an affidavit was made by the explorer on the platform in the presence of the audience. In it Dr. Cook declared that he ascended Mount McKinley, that Barrill was with him at the time, and that the records of his ascent were left on the summit of the peak.

The dispute then waxed warmer. Barrill's attorney and friends denouncing Cook's statements, while friends of the doctor's contended for fair play. Attorney Wagner then presented this resolution:

"We, the people of Hamilton and Ravalio counties, assembled, after patiently listening to the charges and counter charges exchanged by the parties to the Mt. McKinley controversy, do declare our firm belief in the veracity of Edward Barrill and Frederick Printz."

This was carried by a large majority and the meeting was closed amid great excitement. After the meeting Dr. Cook said he did not care to discuss the result at present.

WOMAN HAS A FLIGHT

Goes With Wright in Aeroplane.

College Park, Md., Oct. 27.—A diversion of more than ordinary interest from the daily flights here was furnished today by Wilbur Wright at the government aerodrome. Having coached his three army officer pupils to the point where they now are able to operate an aeroplane themselves, Mr. Wright had for a passenger a female aviation enthusiast, in the person of Mrs. Van Deman, wife of Captain Ralph H. Van Deman, of the Twenty-first infantry.

The machine circled the aerodrome and was put through some intricate maneuvers, the flight lasting four minutes. The landing was made without the slightest mishap. Mrs. Van Deman received a round of applause as she stepped from the machine to earth.

Mrs. Van Deman was the first woman to fly in a heavier-than-air machine in the United States. Mr. Wright and his brother Orville both have had women as passengers in their aeroplane abroad, and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth at Fort Myer recently wished to make a trip in the aeroplane, but the Wright brothers have refused heretofore in the United States. It was only after Mrs. Van Deman had obtained permission from her husband that Mr. Wright consented to take her for a flight. The trip today was made during a calm. Mrs. Van Deman expressed herself as delighted with the unique sensation.

Mr. Wright afterward put the aeroplane through several short flights to instruct his pupils in gliding to earth from various heights with power shut off.

Orville Starts for Home.

Southampton, Oct. 27.—Orville Wright, the American aviator, who has been giving a series of remarkable flying exhibitions at various points in Europe since August last, sailed for home today on the steamer Adriatic.

EXPLOSION KILLS 12

Disaster in Coal Mine at Johnstown.

Johnstown, Pa., Nov. 1.—Twelve men were killed in the Cambria Steel company's coal mine, two miles from here, as the result of what is supposed to have been a dynamite explosion. All the dead are foreigners.

Three men escaped with their lives by a perilous climb on life ladders through poisonous mine gas and falling slate up the steep walls of the main shaft.

The explosion occurred at sundown as the workmen were putting their tools away at the end of their day's work. The concussion caused by the terrific subterranean blast caused many windows in the mining village surrounding the Cambria mine to be broken in bits.

A force of men, working in shifts, began clearing the debris and fallen slate in the lower levels of the mine where the explosion occurred. It was hours before the workers gained perceptible headway.

When the final barrier of rocks was passed, the rescue party found twelve huddled forms close together, the bodies indicating the men had died of suffocation.

The cause of the explosion is in dispute. A majority of those about the mine mouth and the rescue party say the accident was undoubtedly the result of an explosion of dynamite, but mine officials deny that the explosion could have been caused by the explosive, stating all powder and blasting material are removed from the mine at the close of work Saturday.

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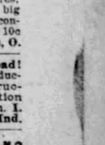

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HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MARY ELLEN TOLD ME

Elizabeth Ayres

IT was just as I thought. Mary Ellen never stays in a bad temper for long. It took her less than a day to get over her irritation, and the next noon after the screen door incident, it was sunny weather in her corner of the restaurant.

"My, but you look beautiful today," she said to me by way of welcome, and by way of referring to a new hat I was wearing.

Of course I was pleased by her compliment, whether it was true or not. What woman is not pleased when she is conscious of wearing a perfectly new hat and is told that it is becoming?

Mary Ellen's voice and manner were assurances that she had "cleared up" completely, and I settled myself comfortably in a chair at one of her tables, prepared to enjoy a luncheon made sweeter by Mary Ellen's conversation.

"That's an awful nice hat you're wearing," she said, while waiting to take my order. "Did you just get it?"

It was a new purchase, I told her.

"My, but ain't you the extravagant thing!" she exclaimed. "You ought to be more saving," she said, in friendly caution.

"I know it," I returned, meekly. I rather enjoy having Mary Ellen "boss" me.

I always go late to the restaurant so I may have her all to myself, and after she had brought me my luncheon and set the dishes on the table, there being no one else to want her attention, she stayed near my chair to talk.

"There's a friend of mine moved into a real swell house," she began. "She has. I'd like to move," she went on. "Our house is so old the wind comes through the cracks, but the colonel,"—it is thus she calls her landlord—"is so good, I hate to leave him. He said he'd put down a new floor in the kitchen, he did, but I'll not ask him to this winter. He isn't a rich man, and winter's a hard time for poor folks. It is. I'm just going to clean house and make it as comfortable as may be. I've hired a woman. I don't have any time to do housecleaning myself."

"Why doesn't the old lady who has your front room help you?" I asked. "She could pay part of her rent that way."

"Oh, no, I wouldn't ask her," said Mary Ellen. "She says she's a seamstress, but I never saw her sewing. She hasn't any needles, or thimble, or scissors, or thread. She always has to borrow. My father said she has a trade, but she hasn't the tools to work at it. He did. She said she was going to do some sewing for me, but she didn't do it. I had to hire it. I don't care. I feel sorry for her."

I ate my luncheon in silence, thinking of the kindness the poor show to the poor.

"How about the screen door?" I inquired just as I was leaving, knowing well what would be Mary Ellen's answer.

She smiled and looked a bit conscious.

"I'm going to let it stay up," she answered. "After all, what does it matter if it pleases my father and the old lady. I feel sorry for her," she said. "She can have my front room as long as she wants it. I'll let her have her rent free if she can't pay. My father says she's on the rocks."

Again there went through my mind the thought of the kindness the poor show to the poor. My thought was interrupted by Mary Ellen.

"I'll have as much in the end, won't I?" she questioned.

Some time I may tell you more about Mary Ellen. She is a "real person," and because she is "real," she feels a bit sensitive about being "written up," but some time, I think, there will be more about Mary Ellen if she consents to let me continue her story.

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

We ask that in home-life there always may be joy and peace and love, each seeking another's good, brothers and sisters with sisters and brothers, fathers and mothers with their children, that home may be the place of peace and the home of joy.

MONDAY

Now think you, Life, I am defeated quite?
More than a single battle shall be mine
Before I yield the sword and give the sign,
And turn, a crownless outcast to the night.

TUESDAY

There isn't any hour adrip with rain
But shall help the roses bloom.

WEDNESDAY

It is a good thing to control our own listlessness or moodiness, and work up some sort of cheerfulness for our neighbor's benefit. That surface cheerfulness is pretty sure to strike in.

THURSDAY

There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life; that word is "reciprocity." What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others.

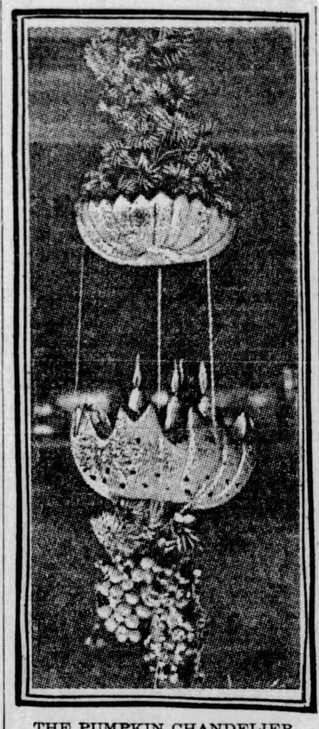
FRIDAY

Refuse to let disappointment shadow your heart or your face. It does not do to give up because one's cherished plan has made shipwreck.

SATURDAY

A heart full of thankulness,
A thimble full of care,
A soul of simple hopefulness,
An early morning prayer!
A smile to greet the morning with,
A kind word as the key
To open the door and greet the day,
Whatever it brings to thee;
A patient trust in Providence
To sweeten all the way—
All these combined with thoughtfulness
Will make a happy day.

THE BIG, ROUND, GOLDEN PUMPKIN



THE PUMPKIN CHANDELIER

"Pies like mother used to make," is one of the current, jesting phrases, but there is really as much truth as jest in the phrase. There never was, and never will be, anything quite like the things "mother used to make," and the good things she used to make, and perhaps is making now, were by no means confined to pies.

Now, when the big, round golden pumpkins are in season, some suggestions regarding their use may not come amiss. In the following case, which has to do with pies that "grandmother used to make," the eulogy to her pie and her recipe for making it are taken from the November Country Life in America. Says the writer:

We never see such pastry nowadays, as that which she mixed and rolled out from flour and lard, both home produced, and both as pure and sweet as canny care could make and keep them. And, for the "filling," no common, "any-old-thing-will-do" pumpkin was accepted. The pumpkin-bin was looked over and over again, till, at last, the one that exactly met the requirements of her trained taste was picked out. It must be a big one; it must have just the right shade of ripened yellowness; it must be hard to the thumb-nail, and solid to the pressure of the hands; it must be a wide-ribbed globe with deep furrows running from pole to pole, all the better if these were lightly checked, transversely, with fine nettings; it must have the rich, fruity smell which prophesies of golden sweetness within. It was the sort which grandfather looked over with approving eye, as she laid it down on the kitchen table, and which led him to say: "S'pose ye c'n save them seeds, mother? Guess they'd do to plant next year."

Written recipes were not common in those old days. The house-mother had her own formulas for cooking and baking, most of which she was ready enough to impart orally to her neighbors, but very few of which were ever committed to paper. Here, however, is one, brought down in family tradition, which has helped tighten the waistbands of more than one generation:

One egg.
One cup of sugar (old-fashioned brown sugar preferred).
One cup of pumpkin (first peeled, cubed, stewed tender and passed through the kitchen colander).
One teaspoonful cinnamon.
One-half teaspoonful ginger.
One-half teaspoonful salt.
Milk to thin as desired.

Bake in a moderate oven, and when nearly done, lift to the upper shelf to secure rich, brown shade.

If, after a nibble at the pie made from that recipe, you do not like it, there's no more to be said. You were not born right.

From the same source come the suggestions and illustrations for the decorative pumpkin, which is especially appropriate to Thanksgiving. The

PUMPKIN FRUIT HOLDER.

only tools necessary are a sharp pocket knife and a chisel or gouge with which to cut out the "meat."

In selecting the pumpkin it is well to take one that is symmetrical in form and of good, rich color. To avoid disappointment it is advisable to get all you need early in November, otherwise you will find that they have nearly all been fed to the stock and you will have to content yourself with poor leftovers. When once the pumpkin has been opened it must be kept in a very cool place, or it will quickly sour.

By way of accessories when carving a face, corn will be found to make splendid teeth, and grapes will do for eyes.

The pumpkin may be used to advantage for a fruit receptacle, in which case line the inside with dry leaves or excelsior and paper, as the dampness will quickly cause the fruit to spoil.

As a chandelier the pumpkin is a great success, but it must be carefully suspended by passing the wires around the outside. These wires may be concealed by means of vines. Wooden cross-braces should be placed just inside to prevent the sides caving in. Thick candles make the best illuminants, as they burn slowly. The effectiveness of the pumpkin chandelier may be increased by cutting numerous holes in the sides so that the light will shine through. These holes may be covered with colored paper or glass, or even brightly colored autumn leaves, which may be waxed to make them more transparent.

THE POETS' CORNER

DARBY AND JOAN

From an Almanac of 1826.

When Darby saw the setting sun,
He swung his scythe and home he run,
Sat down, drank off his quart, and said,
"My work is done, I'll go to bed."

"My work is done!" retorted Joan,
"My work is done! Your constant tone;
But hapless woman ne'r can say,
'My work is done' till judgment day;
You men can sleep all day, but we
Must toil"— "Whose fault is that?" quoth he.

"I know your meaning," Joan replied,
"But, sir, my tongue shall not be tied;
I will go on, and let you know
What work poor women have to do:
First, in morning, though we feel
As sick as drunkards when they reel,
Yes, feel such pains in back and head
As would confine you men to bed,
We ply the brush, we wield the broom,
We air the beds, and right the room;
The cows must next be milked—and then
We get the breakfast for the men.

'Ere this is done, with whimpering cries
And bristly hair, the children rise;
These must be dressed, and dosed with rue,
And fed—and all because of you.
We next."here Darby scratched his head,
And stole off grumbling to his bed;
And only said, as on she run,
"Zounds! Woman's clack is never done."

At early dawn ere Phoebus rose,
Old Joan resumed her tales of woes,
When Darby thus: "I'll end the strife—
Be you the man and I the wife.
Take you the scythe and mow, while I
Will all your boasted cares supply."
"Content," quoth Joan, "Give me my stint."
This Darby did, and out she went.

Old Darby rose and seized the broom,
And whirled the dirt about the room,
Which having done, he scarce knew how,
He hied to milk the brindle cow.
The cow she frisked and switched her tail
In Darby's eyes and kicked her pail.
The clown, perplexed with grief and pain,
Swore he'd ne'er try to milk again.
When turning round in sad amaze
He saw his cottage in a blaze,
For as he chanced to brush the room
In careless haste he fired the broom.
The fire at last subdued, he swore
The broom and he would meet no more.
Press'd by misfortune, and perplexed,
Darby prepared for breakfast next;
But what to get he scarcely knew—
The bread was spent, the butter, too.

His hands bedaubed with paste and flour
Old Darby labor'd full an hour;
But luckless wight! Thou could'st not make
The bread take form of loaf or cake.

As every door wide open stood,
In push'd the sow in quest of food,
And, stumbling onwards, with her snout
O'erset the churn—the cream ran out.
As Darby turn'd the sow to beat,
The slippery cream betray'd his feet;
He caught the bread trough in his fall
And down came Darby, trough and all.
The children, wakened by the clatter,
Start up and cry, "Oh, what's the matter?"
Old Jowler bark'd and Tabby mew'd
And hapless Darby bawl'd aloud.

Return, my Joan, as heretofore,
I'll play the housewife's part no more;
Since now by sad experience taught,
Compare to thine my work is nought;
Henceforth, as business calls, I'll take
Content, the plough, the scythe, the rake,
And never more transgress the line
Our fates have mark'd while thou art mine.
Then, Joan, return as heretofore,
I'll vex thy honest soul no more,
Let's each our proper task attend.
Forgive the past and strive to mend.

THE SETTLING UP IS CERTAIN

By Ernest McGaffey.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find
That fate will square the account she owes,
Whoever comes out behind;
And all things bad that a man has done,
By whosoever induced,
Return at last to him one by one,
As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save,
While your hoarded wealth expands
Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave
Is nearing your life's last sands;
You will have balance struck some night,
And you'll have your hoard reduced.
You'll view your life in another light
When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart
With the husks of a barren creed,
But God will know if you play a part,
Will know in your hour of need;
And then, as you wait for death to come,
What hope can there be deduced
From a creed alone? You will lie there dumb
While the chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's a time to reap,
For the good and the bad as well;
And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,
Is either a heaven or hell;
And every song will find its place,
And every passion loosed
Drift back to meet you face to face
When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod,
The result will be the same;
You cannot escape the hand of God,
You must bear your sin or shame.
No matter what's carved on a marble slab
When the time is all produced,
You will find St. Peter was keeping tab,
And that chickens come home to roost.

WORTH WHILE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong;
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray;
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the smile that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today,
They make up the items of life;
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in awhile.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole, long gusty lifetime through
Be gone a while before—
Be now a moment gone before,
Yet doubt not; anon the seasons shall restore
Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner—still
He pushes on with right good will
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
That selfsame arduous way—
That selfsame upland hopeful way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end
So that you, too, once past this bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! Then while
You travel forward mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eye to search his wake,
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

MARY OF THE WILD MOO

Author Unknown.

It was on one cold winter's night
As the wind blew across the moor,
When Mary came wandering home her babe
'Til she came to her own fa door,
"O, Father; Dear Father!" she cr
"Come down and open the door
Or the child in my arms will perish
die
By the winds that blow across
wild moor."

Oh! why did I leave this dear sp
Where once I was happy and
Now doomed to roam without frie
a home,
And no one to take pity on me
The old man was deaf to her cr
Not a sound of her voice reach
ears,
But the watch dog did howl an
village bell tolled
And the wind blew across the
moor.

But how must the old man have
When he came to the door i
morn,
Poor Mary was dead, but the chil
alive
Closely pressed in its dead mo
arms.
Half frantic he tore his gray ha
And the tears down his cheeks
did pour
Saying, "This cold winter's nigh
perished and died
By the wind that blew across
wild moor!"

The old man in grief pined away
And the child to its mother
soon,
And no one they say has lived th
this day,
And the cottage to ruin has g
The villagers point out the spot
Where the willow droops ove
door,
Saying, "There Mary died, a gay
lage bride,
By the wind that blew across
wild moor."

POEMS REQUESTED

The editor of the Poets' C
wishes to say "thank you" fo
interest taken in this department
for the prompt response to th
quests for poems. It is a matt
regret that the poetry editor c
keep up with the procession. Le
space is the reson, but if you tak
paper long enough you are more
likely to get what you want. An
way is to keep on asking.

Riley's verses, called Knee-De
June, is wanted. Aso the poe
which the following lines are a

I stood beneath that hollow tree,
And, as the blast that hollow
I thought upon this hollow wor
And all its hollow crew.

The song entitled Go Bury the
is asked for. Also, Savannah
which contains the lines:

The sweet magnolia blossoms
Are blooming in the lane.

One of our readers wishes the
in which are these lines:

Whither, pilgrims, are you going
Going each with staff in hand.

A poem wanted is something
goes like this:

I'm tying the leaves so the winds
blow,
So the winds can't blow them away.

Love Me and the World Is M
the title of a requested poem.

This song is wanted:

Oh, come to my arms, Nora, darling
Bid your friends and dear old I
goodbye.

Does any one know the words
song entitled By the Silvery
Bonny Black Bess and Dublin Ba
asked for, also.

Will some one furnish the old
with the words:

Let me go where the saints are go
To the mountains of the blest.

The song entitled Norine is wa
The first line of chorus is:

Give me your answer, Norine, to

Ostler Joe and The Fool's Praye
asked for.

We do not furnish the music t
songs requested, neither can we
information where it may be
tained.

The following lines are part
old song asked for:

I've wandered around the homeste
and down,
And out and in.

Two other poems asked for are
Spider and the Fly, and Damon
Pythias.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

CLUB NEWS

I have been enjoying the social chats of the Household page, and just now I am interested in what has been written about clubs. In this place we have several to which my friends belong, and I will tell you of one I was asked to join at the time of its organization.

It was decided to make the object of the club the study of the care and training of children, and, as I had had no experience in this line, only in a few years spent in teaching, I did not become a member.

The club started with 12 members and adopted the name of the Cornelia club. No doubt all are familiar with the story of Cornelia, the Roman matron. A Campanian lady, calling on Cornelia, was exhibiting her jewels. Cornelia detained the lady until her sons returned from school, when she presented them, saying: "These are my jewels," meaning that a woman's greatest ornament are her children. These sons lived to fill places of honor and reflect credit on their mother's influence.

The books used by the club are along the line of the training of children and the study of child nature, and are those belonging to a course of study in Home Economics. Each member furnishes a book, and the 12 books are read by each in turn.

They meet the second Thursday afternoon in every month, each member acting as hostess to the club in her turn. They have a topic in keeping with the object of the club, and test questions on the subject.

The children also have a part in the program. They have an occasional outing, or picnic, and it has proven profitable and delightful.

Some of my friends and I have talked of starting a new club, so I am interested in the various ideas. Some of my friends suggest a Sunshine club, or "Pass It On" club. I think I should like one for the study of current events (not gossip) or a travel club, or reading journey. All the clubs have some useful object in view, and it is not entirely a question of being good, but doing good. I will close with these lines:

"We'll keep aright an' gude wi'in,
Our work will then be free fro' sin;
Upright we'll step through thick and thin
Straight on our way."

—Aunt Florence.

ABOUT WEARING BIRDS

Many weeks have passed since I have written to the Household page, but I have enjoyed reading the letters from others. It has been a very busy season for me. As the leaves turn to gold, they again remind us that summer has passed. How thankful we should be to the Father who has so abundantly blessed us.

I wonder how many readers of the Household page agree with me about the wearing of birds. I would not wear a bird on my hat. It would only remind me of the cruelty in taking its life, or of the intense pain that was caused when the wing was taken. Perhaps the poor, innocent bird was left to struggle out its life in the dust and the heat of a burning sun, or, tortured by insects while hearing the heart-rending cries of its starving little ones. To be an eyewitness of such a scene would lead one to feel how heartless was the slayer, but, dear readers, if the birds were not in demand for hat trimmings, they would not be slaughtered. May God speed the day when the women of our land will see the cruelty in this and cease to adorn themselves with our feathered songsters, for then only will the slaughter be stopped. I should like to know if I differ in this from other readers of this page. Wishing you all success, Blanch Strang, or the Children's Friend.

WINTER FLOWERS.

When winter flowers do not blossom it may be because the room is too dry from artificial heat and the plants are suffocating. It is absolutely necessary to provide moisture to roots and leaves and also fresh air. The greatest injury is done house plants by raising the window near where they are placed and permitting them to stand in the draft. Sunshine is denied some flowers that naturally cannot thrive without it and this is another reason why carefully cared for plants do not blossom. Earth in flower pots often becomes sour during the winter, so at times the dirt should be dug up with a fork to allow air to get to the roots and also through the soil. A little lime water will usually sweeten the soil.

If plants do blossom, and they look weak and pale, they are growing too fast or else failing to get the nourishment they should obtain from the soil. Usually a weak solution of ammonia water will sufficiently enrich poor soil, but unless the plants are very rugged, it is advisable to sprinkle a little plant food around the roots and work it into the soil. The dainty primrose which soon will be in all its glory, is a diminutive plant, yet its beautiful flowers and its delicate odor makes it a favorite. Primroses demand sunshine and good soil, and if well treated are among the longest blooming winter plants. The white plants are very strong.—Alice.

FROM AN IOWA FRIEND.

I have been a reader of The Blade for nearly two years and enjoy reading it very much, especially the Household page. I live in Iowa with my husband and son. We moved here about three years ago next spring from dear old Wisconsin. I do all my own housework, sewing, raise chickens, tend garden and help out in the field or with other work whenever I am needed. I am not ashamed to do any honest work, and am thankful that God gives me the strength. Many a poor, sick sufferer would be glad to get up and be able to do. I have always wanted to be a music teacher and think I could have made a success of it, as one generally succeeds in what they want and like. My father, mother, brothers and sisters were all musical, so it is no wonder I like music, but I am glad I learned something of housekeeping, for it comes to us all some day, though I am not as good a housekeeper as I might be, however, I am willing to learn and try to make the best of it.

I will send my recipe for canning ripe tomatoes. Put in a granite pan or kettle, water enough to cover the tomatoes you are going to can. Peel the tomatoes without scalding. When the water is boiling hot, put in the tomatoes and let them cook just long enough to be well cooked through, then can. I always dip the tomatoes in the cans with a spoon first, and then put as much juice in as is needed. Yours very truly.—Minnie F.

REQUESTED RECIPES

Apple Dumplings:—Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into two cups of flour. Add a half cup of butter or lard, and rub smooth with the fingers. Season with salt, and add sufficient sweet milk to form a dough that can be handled. For each dumpling place the pared and cored halves of an apple together and cover with the dough. These may be boiled or steamed, but are much better when baked.

Buttermilk Yeast:—Boil one quart of buttermilk and stir in corn meal, as for mush. When cool, add a cup of yeast, previously soaked. When light make into cakes and dry quickly in the open air.

Yeast-Foam Bread:—Cook a pint of sliced and pared potatoes. When they are done, drain the water into the receptacle used for the sponge, then mash the potatoes. Add a scant tablespoonful of salt, two heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir well. Have about two and a half quarts of this mixture. You will need to add some cold water to the hot potatoes to make them lukewarm. This will give you plenty of liquor. When this is ready, add one fresh cake of yeast foam that has been soaked in warm water. Fix this at supper time and let it stand over night. In the morning stir it well and take out about a pint of the mixture. Warm the yeast a little by setting it in a pan of warm water. Stir in about a quart of flour and let rise. When mixing, use enough flour to mix the yeast all in. Set to rise in a warm place. When it has come up to twice its original size, knead into loaves. The yeast foam that is saved out, if kept in a cool place, will serve for another baking.—Cora Belle.

Pickled Beef:—For 100 pounds of beef or pork, add seven pounds of salt, two of sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, one-half ounce of cayenne pepper. Dissolve in two and a half gollons of water, and after boiling it must be skimmed.

Mincemeat:—Three pint bowlfuls of meat chopped fine; six pints of chopped apples; four cups of cider; four and a half cups of molasses; five cups of sugar, one-half cup of vinegar, six dessert spoons of cinnamon, six of mixed spices, half a nutmeg, and two pounds of seeded raisins.—A. J.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

I am glad to have a word with you again and I hope you are all well and happy. If not, try to be.—Elizabeth.

We want more subscribers for The Blade. We want all we can get. The more we have, the better paper we can give you. If you like us, tell your friends and neighbors, and read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. Get all you can to join us. The more the merrier.

Write when you please and as many times as you please. We are always ready to give you welcome. If anyone of you chance to be in Toledo, don't fail to "come up and call."

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Never worry about the wrinkles on your face. You may keep them from your heart if you will, and that counts the most.

Lift yourself above gossip; keep outside of it, and you will not know it is in existence.

Wearing a chip on your shoulder is one of the handicaps of life.

Men may sneer at the good, but they always respect it.

A scandal is something which a word or a look may start going. There is nothing which will stop it.

If you love a man well enough to marry him, faith should go hand in hand with love.

To be jealous is to confess that you think yourself inferior and hold yourself in a low estimation.

Men are not half so bad as women picture them. There are as many good men as there are good women.

Always give every one the benefit of the doubt, no matter how incriminating the circumstances. Circumstantial evidence is not invariably to be trusted.

It is a confession of narrowness to turn the cold shoulder to those who are different. Too often, in our ignorance, we condemn those whom we do not understand.

An opinion founded on report often goes wide of the mark. Judge from actual knowledge, instead of forming an opinion from what others tell you.

JUST BY THE WAY

By Beth

There is a popular song that goes something like this:

"It isn't what you used to be,
It's what you are today."

There is a world of truth and comfort in this if we would only believe and follow what it teaches. Time brings changes to the human soul as much as it does to things that are material, and the change that comes to the soul, mind, character—call it what you will—is not always one of deterioration. The spirit of us is something which may improve with time; something which may mellow and sweeten, and, bearing this in mind, it is never just to judge the present of anyone by what they have been in the past.

It is never wise or kind to unalterably condemn people for what they have done years ago, or to think they never can be better. You never know when they may take a "fresh start," and, climbing upward, give the lie to your estimation. Many who have done the worst, have learned to do the best, having become clear-eyed and high of intention through the hard lessons taught by bitter experience.

It is a bad thing to get hide-bound in opinion and to cling to an estimate formed in years that are numbered with the vanished. Past years are often as past ages in the changes they bring to character.

It is very easy to injure another by saying, with unkind significance, "I knew him when." A past which is discreditable is something which should be allowed to remain dead and buried.

"It isn't what anyone used to be,
It is what they are today."

Remember this: Have charity, and let your opinions be ruled accordingly. This world would be a beautiful place if we would all combine to make it so.

It is always a shock to our pride to be told that we have been admiring the wrong things and thinking decorations and decorative articles beautiful which are pronounced absolutely without artistic value by those who consider themselves authorities. Art is sufficient.

cles of "bigotry and virtue," some one with a turn for jesting has called the various vases and pieces of china with which we beautify our homes, or think we are making them beautiful, which amounts to the same thing.

What may or may not be fine art, is a matter of personal appreciation. An article which appeals to the sense of beauty of one, is without attraction to another. To many a woman a ribbon tied on the back of a chair, or a big, splashing rose painted in flaring colors on a white plate, are the prettiest things she knows, while to another such decorative effects are abominations. It is something in which the point of view rules, and there can be no censor as to what is, or is not, the beautiful. It is another one of the many cases in which "letting one another" is the course to follow. If you like the ribbons and the roses, why, like them as long as they suit you. Fill your house or the place you call home with them, "an' it pleases you," no matter how many times you may be informed that you have gone wrong in your idea of beauty.

Any sign of a longing for beauty, no matter how crude may be its expression, is a good sign, and far above artificial discriminations. The woman who has woven her own rug and the man who has built furniture to suit his home, have created beauty by their handiwork which is far above the dictates of fashion.

The moral of this tale is not to be afraid to admire what you think is beautiful, and not to care if it does not appear to the eyes of others as it does to yours.

There is a woman I know who lives in a handsome house, filled with rare pictures, and china, and the things which come under the trivial name of bric-a-brac. Peeping out here and there from the things which represent high art and much money, are some cheap little decorative articles which are more dear to her heart than the high-art exhibition. They are something she can understand; something which represent to her the plain, hard-working days before she became rich in money. They were beautiful to her then; they are beautiful to her now, and none has the right to tell her she is mistaken. She likes them, and that

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Oh, no! I am not "lost in the tall timber." I have just been too busy "doing things" to pay you a visit before. I did think of coming to the M. G. R. and asking for a few good, athletic volunteers to help me water the cattle.

"For the wells have all gone dry,
Where we used to water them
And the water must be
Brought from far away."

Any of you who wish to volunteer, please let me know and I will call on you if the present carrier gets exhausted.

I have been much amused by the letters describing ideal husbands and wives, but did not see my ideal described by any one. I've an idea he's only a "myth," or (as the meaning was explained by a teacher to a small boy) a two-headed bear with one eye.

Merura, I am rather skeptical about your finding your future love through studying the stars. You better look for her down here below.

A great many have wished for some badge by which M. G. R.'s may recognize each other. Suppose we choose three colors of ribbon one inch wide. For M., madder red; green for G., and rose for R., and make a ribbon rosette with short streamers. On the streamers embroider in white silk the letters M. G. R. Such a badge would be more conspicuous than the little silver ones were and not at all expensive. Who approves of the idea and will make a badge and wear it?

Sago Lily, I appreciate the praise you gave the gardening story. Some day I think there will be a story about the lilies and roses.

Granger, I may send a short article on the subject, "What we owe to one another," as you suggested. It is an excellent topic and I wish others would give their ideas.

New England Girl, are you busy, too?

Illi Nois and Lena Rivers, we miss you from our meetings.

Oregon Bach, Mistigay and Lancelot, we would like to have had letters from you describing your ideals.

Hamlet's Ghost, we will welcome you at any time. It is not necessary to wait until "twixt 'leven and twelve."

Daisy, come and scatter a few petals among us once more.

I hope every one of you is enjoying these beautiful October days, "summer and autumn blending into each other," as Miss Cary has said. We must store up lots of sunshine now for the gray days that will soon be here.

"Oh, pleasant thought! that far and near
Are gathering round our hearthstone dear
Bright facts, happy smiles, and eyes
Sweet with the summer's memories!"

Raoul de Coubert, some time ago you asked where I lived. I am from the Empire State, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." I know someone who is not afraid of mice and doesn't run or scream if she sees a snake; she would enjoy driving a four-in-hand or breaking a colt; she is intellectual, reserved, a lover of nature, likes toads, caterpillars, bees, etc.; shes' not the least bit of a gossip, and I'm sure would enjoy sitting among the flowers and dreaming, at least she has been known to, sometimes. But, come to think of it, she is different from most of her neighbors. Would you like to know her? Her name is—Olive Branch.

Why should not a woman vote? Do we not grant them sense and understanding equally with men in domestic affairs? If any wife or mother is capable of rearing children to guide this government in channels of truthfulness and honesty, why should they not be accredited with the same discretion in politics? We as a nation are prone to be prejudiced and dull about things we do not wish to see in a light that has hitherto been called impossible. Is not a woman considered a helpmeet? If so, how can she help in something in which she has no voice or vote? We grant the dullest of men the right to vote. Why should a man or woman be allowed to vote if they cannot give a reason why they vote this or that way?

Oh, no! It would never do to let mother (how sweet the name) have anything to do with politics. What! Mother go to the polls on election day? Mingle with rough men? Lean over the back fence and quarrel with her neighbors about this or that candidate? We don't want a government of petticoats. Such is the senseless prattle of "some" of our intelligent (?) politicians who promenade their ignorance before an admiring crowd of boys just as ignorant. Still, I am not in favor of all women voting (or men either). If a person upon entering the polls cannot give a lucid reason for wishing to vote a certain way, they should not be allowed to vote. Under this system all persons wishing to vote would naturally have to know something about politics.

If the men are too rough for the women to go to the polls and vote with, how can they live together a lifetime? Every woman is either a mother, wife or sister to someone. Men and women go to church and mingle their voices in praise to the One God. Oh, for the day when the manhood of America awakes and gives to woman her right to participate in all things that concerns her. Pray tell me, do not all things that concern man concern woman, also, "the mother of man?"—Buckeye Bill.

Will you admit a Missouri boy to your ranks? My parents have taken The Blade for a number of years and I have been a subscriber for some time past. I especially enjoy the letters in the M. G. R. column and the Poets' Corner. Some of my happiest evenings have been when I lived in a humble country home and my mother read to me from The Blade. My home at present is in Joplin, Mo., a city of about 40,000 inhabitants. It is in the center of the southwest Missouri lead and zinc mines. It is called the city of churches, there being some 10 or 12 churches here, the Catholics having the most magnificent building. However, I am not so fond of the city. I like my village home, of which I shall tell you some other time.

Come again, Isabelle Maud, I liked your letter very much.

Well, I must not weary your patience with my first letter, so I will close, signing myself—Diamond Doctor.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

The "suffrage" letters are coming in at a lively rate. It seems to be a question of general interest. I only hope we shall be able to print all the good letters that come in.

Raoul de Coubert:—Weather in Toledo at the present time of writing: Fine, sunshiny, and some warm. Thanks for the postal.

Buckeye:—One of our correspondents wants to know what you have done that you are ashamed to show yourself. Fess up.

Letters marked "recently received" are from Blanch F. Shafer, County Jewel, Rita, Bluebell, M. E. N., Green Mountaineer, Heatherbell, Arthusa of W. Va., Evangeline, New England Girl, Chrysanthemum, Estella Ford, Miss Cheer Up and Don Quixote.

Chiluns, don't waste time, paper and ink, in telling how tall you are, how much you weigh, and the color of your eyes, hair and complexion. I take it for granted you are all good looking.

We want more subscribers for The Blade. We want all we can get. The more we have, the better paper we can give you. If you like us, tell your friends and neighbors. Tell them we are the greatest ever, and read the announcement which appears on the fourth page the last week in every month. Get all you can to join us. We are the people and there should be millions of us.

Stale Bread Griddle Cakes.

For a quantity sufficient for four people soak sufficient stale bread in cold milk to make two cupfuls, then put in a sieve and press out as much of the moisture as possible. Beat two eggs very light and stir into the bread also three teaspoonfuls of sugar, a little salt and a cupful of milk. Sift together a cupful and a half of flour with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and add to the rest, beating all smooth and light, then drop from a small pitcher on a soapstone griddle and bake until the upper side is dotted with air holes, when turn and brown the other side.

BEAUTIFUL BUST

How to Get a PERFECT FORM

50c Box FREE

We want to send you free a 50c package of Dr. Catherine E. Kelly's wonderful treatment for making the bust plump and firm; also our booklet, "The Perfect Figure." Dr. Kelly used this treatment herself and it increased her own and her patients' bust measurements from 4 to 7 inches. Write today and enclose 10c to help pay distribution expenses, and a 50c treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. DR. KELLY CO., Dept. 44 G. Buffalo, N. Y.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATIO

By Lydia E. Pinkha Vegetable Compou

Louisville, Ky. — "Lydia E. P ham's Vegetable Compound has tainly done m world of good I cannot prai enough. I suf from irregulari dizziness, nerv ness, and a se female trou Lydia E. Pinkh Vegetable C pound has rest me to perf health and kep from the opera

table. I will never be without medicine in the house."—Mrs. S LEE, 3523 Fourth St., Louisville,

Another Operation Avoid

Adrian, Ga. — "I suffered u misery from female troubles, and doctor said an operation was my chance, and I dreaded it almos much as death. Lydia E. Pinkh Vegetable Compound completely c me without an operation."—LEN HENRY, R. F. D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled cess confirms the power of Lydi Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure female diseases. The great ume of unsolicited testimony const ly pouring in proves conclusively Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable C pound is a remarkable remedy for t distressing feminine ills from w so many women suffer.

2 Full Bottles LACKLAND Straight Kentucky Whiskey $4.20
—100 PROOF—

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been possible to sell such whiskey at such a price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to introduce to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this really is.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full 16-oz. Bottles of our rich, mellow, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and pronounced by competent judges to be the finest, the most wholesome and delicious whiskey ever distilled. Remember, this is not a blend, mixed or imitation, but a **pure, straight, 100-Proof** whiskey and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put the other to every test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles to us and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Further, we guarantee every bottle of **Lackland Whiskey** to be as represented. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength and all shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed cases. Make remittance payable to

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Mail Dept. 80, St. Louis, Mo.

ffering Women

00 Box—And My Valble Book—Both Free.

y Healing Method — And of Years Quickly Vanish.

WHY WOMEN SUFFER SO

women go along in life suffering agonies, while others enjoy living, know an ache or pain. Why is am a woman and had my share My share, I say, and I mean it. fering as only a woman stands in but I helped myself, and I say to men who suffer from Leucorrhoea, tion, Inflammation, Laceration, Tuful Periods, Ovarian Troubles, in Back, Bowels, Bearing-down, to Cry or Hot Flashes, you are to suffer longer. Write me, and will you a $1.00 box of my Healing Free, also my valuable book which Why Women Suffer So. Doctors derstand your troubles, and they lp you. Don't suffer longer. Just where your pain is and I will the $1.00 box and the book, both charge. Mrs. Sarah Furman. nseum Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

RALS ARE BEATEN

sh Bye-Election Is Significant.

on, Oct. 29.—The bye election yesin Bermondsey, division of South- parliamentary borough of Lonwas characterized by the most attack the suffragettes have yet to make in their struggle for women," resulted in a sweepery for the Unionists.

Humphreys, Unionist, won the ed fight with a plurality of coming the Liberal majority of 1906. The vote was as follows: ys, 4,278; S. L. Hughes, Liberal, A. Salter, Socialist, 1,435.

Unionist victory is considered a ow to the supporters of the s all along this election was exafford a good test of the feelndon and the country generally pending struggle in parliament. ney has been a doubtful confor years, sometimes returning candidate and sometimes a but three years ago the elecded in a Liberal landslide. For few weeks a strong fight has ed in this constituency by the ties of the three parties, but resolved itself into a question dget against tariff reform, and the outcome might be it was ed as forecasting the result of election should that be held. ant suffragettes were early on and after adopting numerous to harass the election officers most closely identified with the Mrs. Chapin, one of the best of the organization, slipped into booths and smashed a bottle a corrosive acid upon a ballot the evident intention of ruinballots, a large number of which ady been deposited. spattered over the officials broken glass cut their hands and the ballots were practically

the day another suffragette milar attack on the ballot box, o more success than Mrs. Both women were placed un-

RSE GOOD ROADS BILL

ssociation Elects Officers at Columbus Meeting.

bus, Oct. 28.—The Ohio Good association, which met here y in connection with the naganization, elected these offiresident, Archie H. Huston, vice president, Jesse Taystown; C. S. Ashbrook, Mans- F. Boak, Cleveland; and F. J. , secretary, M. M. Maxwell, t, treasurer, Julius F. Stone, ee for holding the next meett to the executive committee. ganization indorsed the good of Senator Walter A. Alsoviding for perpetual maintof roads, and compelling the mmissioners to see that it is the state aid bill was also in-

peakers were Senator N. O. of Akron; Fred C. Caley, of automobile department; R. Senator Walter Alsdorf and ative W. W. Vaughn. The session was devoted to illustures by Prof. Archer Butt, of Marietta; H. H. Col- A. N. Johnson.

S PENNED BY FLOOD

on, Nov. 1.—Three hundred were imprisoned this afternoon y rushing into the Tareni coal tal-Y-Fera, Glamorganshire. bodies have been recovered. dred and fifty miners were alive. The others are still overs and the water is rising.

BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS

Young Pittsburg Millionaire Makes Careful Preparations for Death.

Pittsburg, Oct. 30.—Pittsburg is struggling with one of the most sensational suicides in its history. Edward Steinhauser, member of one of the oldest families in Pittsburg, supposed to be worth more than $1,000,000 in his own name, killed himself in a most tragic manner yesterday afternoon at the American house here. It is intimated by some that Steinhauser had been plunging in the stock market.

Steinhauser, who was 38 years old, devoted his last thoughts to his mother, grandmother and sisters, whom he did not want shocked by having news of his suicide telephoned, nor did he wish them to see his mutilated body. He arranged for all this just before shooting himself.

Asks Friends' Foregiveness.

The North Side millionaire yesterday slipped into the American house and registered as "W. F. Lawrence, City." He asked to be shown a room and stipulated that the room be large, well lighted and clean. Asking that stationery be sent to his room he sat down and in a round, flowing business hand, wrote the following letter:

"Mr. W. S. Wilson, No. 925 Penn. ave., Pittsburg—Dear Billy: Break the news to the dear ones at home. Tillie and mamma are at Annie's for supper, but grandma is at home. I cannot help this. Forgive me, dear friends. I cannot rest until I am with George.—Ed.

"P. S.—Will: Don't phone home about this. You might startle them. You go to Annie's yourself and tell them. And, Will, have my body fixed up right before I am taken home. Let them remember me as I was. Goodby, old pal, goodby."

Doors Are Battered Down.

"Lawrence" then carefully removed his coat, vest and collar, and standing in front of the mirror blew out his brains. The shot and sound of the falling body brought help, and the locked doors were battered in and the still warm body found.

William Wilson, to whom the note was addressed, fell in a faint when handed the letter by the police, who told him that the writer had committed suicide in the American house.

Wilson went to the north side, going to the home of "Annie," a married sister of the dead man. There he found the widowed mother and Tillie, another sister, to whom he broke the news. Mrs. Steinhauser, the aged grandmother, is in a serious condition from the shock.

Steinhauser's father was one of the rich brewers of the north side and owned much suburban property which of late years became very valuable. The elder Steinhauser died some years ago.

JOHN D. BOOSTS DRY CAUSE

Oil Millionaire Prominent in Westchester Election.

New York, Oct. 27.—"'Wet or dry?'"

This question is agitating the voters of Westchester county this fall more than it ever has since the legislature passed the local option law for towns and villages. The liquor question has entirely overshadowed the political end of the campaign. The saloon interests are fighting with their backs to the wall. In every one of the 17 townships in Westchester the voters will decide next Tuesday whether liquor is to be banned or not.

Some of the wealthiest men in the country are enlisted in the fight against the saloon and have given money to the cause and allowed their names to be used on letters to voters. Conspicuous among these are John D. Rockefeller, O. S. Goan, president of the National Biscuit company; Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of Review of Reviews, and other New York professional and business men.

ACID MAY HELP SOME

Suffragette Splashes It Over Officials.

London, Oct. 28.—Mrs. Chapin, a suffragette, furnished an early morning thrill at the Bermondsey by-election today, when she smashed a bottle containing corrosive acid upon a ballot box. Her intention, evidently, was to destroy the ballots in the box as a protest against the exclusion of women from the right of franchise. What she accomplished was the painful burning of some of the election officers and the assurance of her own arrest.

Slipping into one of the booths, where, perhaps, a thousand ballots had been deposited, Mrs. Chapin drew from under her cloak a bottle in which ink had been mixed with corrosive acid, and, before she could be stopped, hurled the bottle upon the box. It broke into many pieces, and the flying acid splashed upon the election officers. A number of these were so severely injured as to require medical attention.

About the same time a similar outrage was attempted at another booth by a young girl who wore the suffragette colors. In the latter instance little damage was done beyond the burning of the finger tips of the election officials.

GIRL DEFIES NIGHT RIDERS

With Loaded Shotgun She Saves Father From Whipping.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 28.—A girl armed with a double-barreled shotgun put to flight 40 night-riders when they broke down the door of her father's house last night in Mason county.

The riders appeared at the home of George Kreitz evidently with the intention of whipping him. When entrance was refused, the door was beaten in with an axe and crowbar. Kreitz's young daughter, standing ready with a loaded shotgun turned loose both barrels. The masked men fled precipitately. Kreitz recognized several of the men, and arrests are expected.

Before appearing at the Kreitz home, the riders had gone to the farm of a neighbor, Benjamin Longnecker, and shot through the windows. Several bullets narrowly missed members of the family.

Longnecker is wealthy and prominent. He and Kreitz had sold their tobacco crops to independent buyers and had refused to enter the pool of the Burley Tobacco society.

MISSOURIANS THINK GEN. GRANT WAS A GOOD REBEL

Shelbina, Mo., Nov. 2.—"Say, do you know, I lost the opportunity of a lifetime?" said a frosty-haired citizen of this town to a group of the oldest inhabitants sitting on the benches in the railroad park. "I might have had chairs and tables and pipes and things worth hundreds, thousands, of dollars by now.

"When the bushwhackers began raising Hades up and down the old Hannibal & St. Joe until nobody wanted to travel, the government sent a rather short, stout man up here to look after things. He only had a handful of men and was so quiet and easy-going that nobody thought he amounted to shucks.

"We never took much stock in him till we began to notice that he wouldn't let his soldiers rob our hen houses and take our horses. If any of the men took anything all we had to do was to make a roar to that quiet, stolid-looking fellow and he'd say a few short words to somebody and we'd get it back with an apology. That quiet fellow, who generally wore a cigar in his mouth, was a St. Louis wood seller. Col. U. S. Grant by name."

"What's that got to do with gilding your furniture?" asked a listener.

"Oh, I forgot. When we found he was a pretty decent sort of a Yankee and wasn't out here to raid us, my wife told me to invite him over to supper one night, and he'd 'a' come, too, if I had asked him. Wish I had now. Think of the value as relics he'd have given to my furniture!

"Let me tell you," the narrator went on, "that man Grant soon had more friends in these parts than anybody. Of course, we were all for the Johnnie Reb's, but we respected the square fellows on the other side. Grant knew which was our feelings were, and he never talked politics or got into any controversies. He and his men protected the railroad at the big bridge, and made the bushwhackers afraid to light there. That's all the duty he had here then.

Lots of our people went out to his camp on the river and became acquainted with him. He talked to them about fishing and hunting and woodcraft and the thousand and one homely little occupations that lie nearest the countrymen's life; but I noticed that he would a good deal rather listen than talk. He seemed to be gifted that way, and he would remember everything you told him that was worth remembering.

"On each side of us were Union commanders who at that time were talked about considerably as being fierce and warlike. One was in charge of a large force at Palmyra and the other in charge of the department of northern Missouri, at Macon. Some time during the war each of these commanders ordered military executions of 10 men in their respective jurisdictions. I'll bet, under the same circumstances, Grant wouldn't have done anything like that.

"Here within the length of 60 miles three men were making history in their own peculiar way, two of them by a rigorous enforcement of the military law and the other by quiet, unostentatious attention to duty. Of the three the quiet man is the only one whose name ever got into the histories.

"When Col. Grant first came to these parts most of the southern men hiked out. Grant heard of that and he sent couriers out after them, telling them to come back home and extending a cordial invitation to come out to his camp and get acquainted. Those who accepted the invitation were astonished at the plain soldier's hospitality and evident good will.

"He talked to them in his easy, businesslike way, explained the difference between a soldier and a marauder, and said that when his men required feed for their horses or provisions for themselves orders would be issued and the government would pay for the supplies. He said the fact that we were southern sympathizers wouldn't make any difference so long as we didn't come at him with guns.

"We all thought it was a pity that such a man should be a Yankee, and a citizen asked him one day how he could fight to free the 'niggers,' being in all other respects so much of a gentleman. I never heard Col. Grant's answer, but several people about here did, and they quote him this way:

"'This war is not to free the niggers; if I thought it was I'd take my men and join the south.'

"You may be sure that didn't lessen his popularity any in this neck of the woods. We considered Col. Grant a pretty good rebel from that time on, and looked with confidence to his lining up alongside o' Bob Lee before the war was over. Well, he did line up alongside of Lee, but not the way we hoped that he would.

"It was while Col. Grant was making his headquarters hereabout that he was ordered to hunt and attack Col. Tom Harris and his Confederate soldiers, who were becoming somewhat audacious. Harris was then much better known that Grant. He had been engaged in a number of lively skirmishes and was said to be a hard and swift fighter.

"Grant knew all this, and I notice in reading some sketches about him since the war that he was just a bit uneasy about the outcome of the expected encounter. Nevertheless he led his men bravely enough in the direction of Harris' camp. The Union forces halted before ascending the hill, while muskets and ammunition were examined, bayonets fixed and prayers said by the devout. Then the order came to march, the big hill was surmounted, revealing a naked camp. Harris and his warriors had skededdled.

"'I'll admit I was suffering from stage fright when we went up that hill,' said Col. Grant, 'but it never occurred to me till then that Harris might be bothered with the same disease.'

"That gave rise to Grant's oft quoted expression that 'when going into battle I try to remember that the enemy might be as much afraid of me as I am of him.'

"After Col. Grant left here I read of many mean things said about him by his enemies, but I didn't take much stock in 'em. He never said mean things about other people, and that kind of a man doesn't need any defending."

ASSASSIN ADMITS PLOT

He Was Formerly an Editor of Newspaper in Seoul.

Harbin, Oct. 28.—The assassin of Prince Ito was identified today as Inchan Antean, a former editor of a newspaper at Seoul. He said that he was one of an organization of twenty Koreans who had taken an oath that they would kill the Japanese statesman. The assassin used dumdum bullets, which had been poisoned with cyanide.

Body Is Borne Home.

Tokio, Oct. 28.—The Japanese warship Iwate, which is bearing homeward the body of Prince Ito, sailed from Darien at 10 o'clock this morning. The body rests in a plain casket and is accompanied by President Nakamura, of the Southern Manchurian railway, and nine others.

Prior to the departure of the warship all music was prohibited in Darien, where also flags were kept at half mast. Representatives of the emperor of Japan will board the warship at Sasebo. The vessel is due to arrive at Yokosuka, the naval station near Yokohama, on Monday.

All social functions, including the ball which was to have been held at the foreign ministry on the emperor's birthday, have been postponed. Preparations for an imposing state funeral are being made, and a magnificent shrine will be erected in the midst of the tombs and temples of the Great Shoguns at Shiba Park.

The foreign office is receiving messages of condolence from the head of every state in Europe. The newspapers republish columns of foreign comment upon the assassination of Prince Ito. Count Inouye, the lifelong and intimate friend of Ito, despite his shattered health, is proceeding to Sasebo and will accompany home the body of his comrade.

STARTS A REVOLUTION

Greek Naval Officer Tries to Be Dictator.

Athens, Greece, Oct. 29.—An actual revolt in the navy has taken place, and the situation is acute. The band of naval officers which, on Wednesday, quitted the capital and withdrew to the island of Salamis, today seized the arsenal there and are now entrenched. They met no opposition. The rebels are led by Officer Tibaldos and are reported to number 300 men. The government has proclaimed Tibaldos a traitor and ordered his arrest.

The Greek fleet is anchored at Keratsini, on the farther side of the island of Salamis, and has not yet had time to declare which side it will take. Many of the junior naval officers in Athens disavow the revolt. Great excitement prevails in this city and the ministry of marine is guarded by troops.

Lieutenant Tibaldos, who heads the revolt, is the commander of a flotilla of torpedo boats and submarines. It appears that he demands that he be appointed minister of marine, and threatens if this is not conceded that he will overthrow the government and establish a dictatorship. If Tibaldos succeeds in winning over the fleet, as it is rumored he will, it is feared that he will be in position to carry out his threats. Meanwhile a military league which is opposed to the revolt has issued a proclamation denouncing Tibaldos as a traitor who broke his oath to the league.

This afternoon a regiment of infantry and a battery of field guns were sent to Skaramanga, on the coast, a few miles west of Athens, and opposite Leros, the point on the island of Salamis, where Tibaldos' men are entrenched. It is now said that Tibaldos has secured the support of the entire torpedo flotilla of eight ships, and threatens to employ these in sinking the rest of the fleet. As Tibaldos holds the arsenal and ammunition depots, the vessels in the possession of the governent are without ammunition and have not been mobilized. It is feared that the ships thus far loyal may join the revolt, particularly since the Military League is now hostile to the revolt in the navy.

Salamis, where the revolt centers, last figured in the news of the day 2389 years ago. It is an island off the coast of Greece and near its harbor the great naval battle of Salamis was fought in 480 B. C. The Greek fleet, under Themistocles, on that occasion defeated the Persian fleet under King Xerxes. This battle, following the land battle of Thermopylae, turned back the Persian invasion.

35 ARE DEAD OR MISSING

Only Six of the Hestia Crew Have Been Rescued.

Yarmouth, Oct. 28.—Along the Nova Scotia coast of the Bay of Fundy little groups of fishermen and others kept a vigilant watch today for bodies from the steamer Hestia, wrecked across the bay on the ledges off Grand Manan Island. There was little hope, however, that any additional living survivors would be picked up.

The bodies of four victims had been cast ashore in two lifeboats by wind and tide when the search was resumed today. In a boat which was picked up at Pembroke, near here, yesterday, there were three bodies, presumed to be those of First Engineer P. F. Munn, and two seamen. The body in a boat found at Salmon river, on the shore, was apparently that of Theodore Reed, a Scotch lad, who was a passenger on the Hestia.

So far as can be learned, only two lifeboats left the Hestia, one of which floated off with a single occupant, and the other containing Captain Newman and 27 other persons. Forty-one persons are known to have been on the Hestia when she struck the ledges, and as six of these were rescued, the dead and missing number 35.

CANDIDATE BECOMES ACTOR

Plays "Rip Van Winkle" to Show Fitness for Assembly.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 28.—Allan B. Walsh, Democratic candidate for assembly, has adopted novel means of campaigning.

Relying on his ability as an actor, which has made him famous in amateur circles, he has secured a professional engagement in a vaudeville house here and will appear each afternoon and evening until election time in the role of Rip Van Winkle.

He hopes to convince the voters that he would make a good lawmaker, although Mercer county is strongly Republican and the defeat of the Democratic ticket is a foregone conclusion.

DEATH KNELL FOR MULATTO SOUNDED IN THE SOUTHWEST

New Orleans, Nov. 2.—District Attorney Adams has announced his determination to enforce, without fear or favor, the law passed at the recent session of the Louisiana legislature that makes the living together of whites and negroes in marital or illicit relations a crime punishable with imprisonment at hard labor. He has asked and has received the assistance of the police in running down cases of the kind, and has even promised that anonymous accusations shall be investigated. There is already a large crop of charges, and the belief is expressed that the prosecution will be kept up with such vigor as to break up a practice almost as old as New Orleans.

The law is not popular with the officials or the politicians, who are afraid that in enforcing it they will run into some old friend or distinguished citizen. As a matter of fact, the law would not be upon the statute books of Louisiana today but for the women, and especially the women's clubs of New Orleans. Miscegenation was quite general in New Orleans before the civil war, when the ambition of many free negro women was to become the placees of white men. The practice had no connection with slavery.

Law Never Enforced.

Intermarraige of whites and negroes was prohibited, but no attempt was ever made to suppress this practice. Public sentiment, even, did not frown on it, and the result was a large mulatto, quadroon and octoroon population in New Orleans. This is rapidly disappearing and being swallowed up in the mass of negro population. When the process of amalgamation is completed the negroes of the southwest will be a nearly homogeneous race, negro with a 10 per cent streak of white blood.

During the short period of Republican and negro domination intermarriage between the races was permitted, but there were comparatively few marriages. Less than a dozen white women, and most of those foreigners, married negroes. As soon as the whites secured power again this intermarriage was prohibited.

As the movement for the segregation of the races grew stronger efforts were made to break up the old placee system. It seemed impossible at first to secure any legislation on this subject and all bills on the subject died in committee or were pigeonholed, giving rise to the suspicion that some people higher up did not want the law.

In a number of parishes, particularly in north Louisiana, the whites got tired of waiting for the desired legislation and set to work to put an end to unions between whites and negroes by the methods of Judge Lynch. White men and negro women living together were visited by mobs of a secret organization calling themselves "Caucasians," taken to the woods and whipper or tarred and feathered. They were warned that the next visit would be more serious, but there were no second visits. A few of the offenders left the country. Those who remained recognized the force of popular opinion and bowed to it.

Women's Clubs Active.

But the reform was limited to a few parishes. For the final passage of the law the women's clubs are mainly responsible. The Era and Arena clubs demanded the law. The subject was carried into the newspapers by the women. The governor, in his message to the legislature, insisted upon the passage of a strong anti-miscegenation law.

The law as passed requires every judge, at every meeting of the grand jury, to call the attention of the latter to the new law, to read and explain it to them and to instruct them to investigate all cases of miscegenation reported and to find indictments. The statute has been followed very unequally throughout Louisiana. While in some cases the judges delivered the charges required of them, in others they were neglected to do so, and in still others the grand jury ducked the investigation.

In Natchitoches, Madison and East Carroll parishes practically all the white violators of the law were indicted. They were thoroughly frightened and a number of them fled to Mississippi, from which state they effected a compromise. They agreed to plead guilty and the judge accepted their plea and suspended sentence, with the understanding that they were to comply with the law. This method of dealing with violations of the law has been generally followed. Only a few persons were sent to prison. In a few other cases the couples fled the state rather than break up their relations.

One point was very clearly proved by these cases, that miscegenation in Louisiana is far less common now than before, and less common than was generally supposed. In the parishes where the law was rigidly enforced and where the investigation was most thorough, there were only 21 indictments to a negro population of 50,000 and a white population of 30,000, indicating possibly 200 or 300 cases in the state outside of New Orleans.

On the evidence that it was possible and indeed easy to convict for violations of the new law, that public sentiment demanded its enforcement, and that New Orleans was becoming a refuge for all such mixed color couples in Louisiana and Mississippi, the demand was made that the law be rigidly enforced. The district attorney has promised this, and has called on the police to assist him in his investigations. Arrests are being made daily and many squalid tragedies and ugly skeletons are brought to light.

EATEN BY CANNIBALS

English Sailors Meet With Unpleasant Fate.

Manila, Nov. 1.—Rear Admiral Sebree reports that when the United States Pacific fleet touched at Admiralty islands it was learned that recently cannibals from the islands captured a boat containing three Englishmen and three Chinese. One of the Englishmen who escaped through the connivance of a friendly tribe said that his companions had been killed and eaten.

There have been repeated reports of attacks by savages upon shipwrecked sailors in Polynesia during the past few weeks and it is possible that the story told by the fleet is another version of the massacre at New Brighton in September. In that instance Captain Linlsay and his crew of ten of the Ketch Rabaul, who were on a trading expedition, were said to have been killed and their bodies burned with their boat.

Two thousand men of the Pacific fleet are being given shore leave daily. Major General Duvall, commanding the Department of the Philippines, will give a reception for Rear Admiral Sebree and the officers of the fleet on Wednesday. The fleet will coal at Cavite on Friday and go to Olongapo on Saturday, when target practice will be commenced.

The court marial which resulted from a personal quarrel among the officers has returned a verdict reducing Surgeon Francis W. F. Wieber one number and reprimanding him; reprimanding and reducing Ensign Christopher R. P. Rodgers five numbers, and acquitting Assistant Surgeon John O. Downey.

L. T. Grant, the merchant convicted of smuggling, was today sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

INSURANCE FOR AVIATORS

Enterprising Scotch Company Has New Policy.

Washington, Oct. 30.—Insurance for those who go up in flying machines is the latest form of policy brought out by an enterprising Scottish casualty insurance company.

Maxwell Blake, United States consul at Dumfermline, Scotland, reports to the bureau of commerce and labor that the corporation in question has recognized the need for insuring aviators. This innovation is looked upon with distrust by other insurance concerns of Great Britain, Lloyds declining to issue such insurance on the operators, the machinery or structure of aeroplanes or dirigible balloons.

HEINZE JUST ESCAPES CELL

At Last Moment Judge Grants Stay of Execution.

New York, Oct. 27.—Arthur P. Heinze, associated with his brother Augustus Heinze in the affairs of the United Copper Co., came near landing in the Tombs for ten days' sentence yesterday afternoon, but at the last moment Judge Ward in the United States circuit court, granted a stay of execution and Heinze was released under $2,500 bail pending the filing of an application for a writ of error.

Heinze was convicted some time ago of advising a witness to evade the service of a grand jury subpoena at a time when the government was attempting to get hold of the books of the United Copper Co.

In passing sentence the judge said that the offense of which Heinze stood convicted was a willful, deliberate and premeditated obstruction of justice.

MRS. HARRIMAN TO MANAGE

Widow Leases Offices to Handle Husband's Estate.

New York, Oct. 28.—That Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who was the sole legatee of her husband's vast estate, intends taking an active part in the management of the fortune left to her, is indicated by the fact that she has leased a suite of offices on Fifth avenue.

The offices cover almost the entire second floor and contain private rooms for Mrs. Harriman's lawyers and advisers in connection with the clerical force.

FRIENDLY TO KOREA

Japan Will Not Change Her Policy.

Tokio, Oct. 27.—Japan's policy toward Korea will remain unchanged by the assassination of Prince Ito, who as resident-general of Korea worked out the plan for that kingdom's reformation. This much was made known in a statement issued by the foreign office today. The statement was called out by the appearance in some of the sensational newspapers of editorials demanding the immediate annexation of Korea to Japan.

The foreign office silences this clamor by formally declaring that though the death of Prince Ito through the dastardly act of a Korean was the greatest loss which the empire could sustain, the attitude of Japan toward Korea remains the same as that inaugurated and desired by the dead statesman.

There is no reason to believe that the death of Prince Ito will have the slightest effect upon Japanese policies at home or abroad. On the contrary, his known wishes will be followed probably more closely now that he is dead than when he was alive.

The death of the prince was officially announced by the government today, and it was also stated that the warship bearing the body would arrive at Yokosuka November 2, when the body will be removed immediately to the prince's late residence in Tokio. An imperial ordinance directs that a state funeral such as, with three exceptions, has never been given for other than a prince of the blood, be held on November 4. As a posthumous honor Prince Ito is advanced from junior to the first grade in the court rank.

CRISIS IN FINLAND AVERTED

Senators Will Retain Posts a While Longer.

Helsingfors, Finland, Oct. 30.—A compromise has been reached through which the Finnish senators will retain their posts in the senate for the present along with the new oppointees of the governor general.

This arrangement has at least postponed the crisis growing out of the refusal of the Finnish senators to remain in office if the Russian demand for a big military appropriation by Finland was pressed.

The bill giving Hebrews a limited right of residence in Finland was given a first reading by the constitutional committee only to Hebrews who were born or have lived for a decade in Finland.

ROADS KILL 2,791 IN YEAR

Number of Casualties Slightly Less Than in 1908.

Washington, Oct. 30.—A decrease in the number of casualties on American railroads for the year ended June 30, 1909, is shown by a report issued by the interstate commerce commission. During the year 2,791 persons were killed and 63,920 were injured on railroads, as against 3,764 killed and 68,969 injured during the previous fiscal year.

This is a decrease of 973 killed and 5,069 injured. The report shows that the number of employes killed in coupling and uncoupling cars and engines was 32 per cent less than during the fiscal year of 1908.

MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED WAR

General Grant Says an Army Would Have Aided Peace.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—"Had America possessed an army of 25,000 men with which to fight the British, the Revolutionary war never would have been fought," said General Frederick D. Grant, in an address last night before a church club.

"Had the United States been prepared," continued the general, "with a standing army of 50,000 men, the Civil war would have been only a flash in the pan. Our army today is not large enough to meet any first-class army in the world."

GERMANS ARE WARLIKE

Anti-English Feeling Is Growing.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—War between Germany and England within the next five years is within the range of possibilities, according to Attorney Jacob Newman, who returned to Chicago yesterday after a three months' stay in Europe. While abroad Mr. Newman devoted much time to the study of the relations between these two great nations. He bases his prophecy of a possible conflict on the attitude of German citizens, who, he declares, are openly hostile to England.

"This hostility," said Mr. Newman, "is deep seated and is growing each day. The Germans, particularly the middle classes, feel that Great Britain is striving for comercial supremacy at the expense of Germany. They openly charge that England is discriminating against Germany and that unless something is done there will be no outlet for the annual increase of 1,000,000 citizens to the German empire.

"That war will come within the next five years is the opinion of many conservative men. The talk of conflict is heard on all sides. It is discussed in the shops, in the cafes and in the business offices.

"On the other hand the agitation appears to have affected the people of England but little. The country generally is prosperous and the people seem to have other things than the possibilities of war to occupy their minds."

SUSPECT MANY CRIMES

Long Island Murderer Is Called "Bluebeard."

New York, Oct. 28.—Frederick Gebhardt, alias Mueller, self-confessed Islip (L. I.) murderer, may have a claim on the title "Bluebeard," according to a statement made by Captain Coughlan, of the Brooklyn detective force. Two other mysterious murders of women are to be investigated before the prisoner is put on trial for his life, and in view of his uncertain matrimonial career the police believe that two and possibly three additional cases where women mysteriously disappeared will be cleared up.

It was reported yesterday that the prisoner confessed to the coroner that he killed two other women, but this could not be confirmed. The coroner would not comment on the matter, but Captain Coughlan said: "Gebhardt admitted enough to put several new clews at our command and we hope to get further admissions from him as soon as we have followed up these clews."

Acording to the police, Gebhardt served nine years in Sing Sing for swindling a New York woman out of $340 on a promise of marriage. He went to prison under the name of Scharferlein in 1896, and was released in 1905. At the time of his trial for this offense it was shown that he already had a wife in New York and at least one wife living in Germany. The prisoner is said to have operated under six aliases, while other marriages as yet not proved absolutely, figure in his record. His career, particularly since his release from prison, is being investigated by detectives.

The inquest over the body of Anna Luther, the German girl, whom he admits having shot, will be concluded on Friday.

9 LIVES ARE LOST IN FIRE

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Oct. 30.—Nine lives are known to have been lost in the fire that practically destroyed the Citizens' Savings bank block here early today. Two persons were killed by falling from the upper windows of the burning building, while seven others were buried in the ruins. Four injured were taken to the hospital, two of whom are not expected to survive their injuries.

'POSSUM JOKE MEANS TROUBLE

Government Will Prosecute Those Merry Southern Men.

Washington, Oct. 28.—A practical joke, with an opossum as the chief factor, is likely to get some prominent people into trouble with the United States government. On the night of October 15 last a party of about 25 well known people of Leesville, La., placed an opossum in the package bin of the local postoffice. The next morning the postmaster's subordinates opened the bin and found the opossum. The mail in the bin had been chewed to fragments by the animal. The names of the jokers have been obtained by the deparement and action against them will be instituted in the near future.

GIVES HUGE SUM TO CHARITY

Caroline Phelps-Stokes Leaves Fund to Improve Tenements.

New York, Oct. 27.—Specific bequests amounting to $270,000, of which sum $107,000 goes to charitable and benevolent institutions, are made in the will of Caroline Phelps-Stokes, who died at Redlands, Cal., in April last, which was filed for probate here yesterday.

The residue of the estate, which is large, although the value is not given, is left to a fund to be used for the erection and improvement of tenement houses in New York city, to educate negroes in Africa and the United States, North American Indians and needy and deserving white students in industrial schools.

The testatrix was a sister of Anson Phelps-Stokes, who is appointed executor.

DIVORCE AT POPULAR PRICES

That May Be Result of Inquiry Started by King Edward.

London, Oct. 29.—The king has appointed a royal commission to inquire into the condition of the divorce laws, especially as they affect the poorer classes. The appointment arises out of the agitation to facilitate divorce, which, owing to the heavy legal expenses, virtually has been the privilege of only the well-to-do.

Lord Gorrell, who as Sir John Gorrell-Barnes, was president of the divorce court in July, moved in the house of lords that county courts should have the power to grant divorces, thus bringing the law within the reach of those whose circumstances prevented their proceeding in the high court, the only tribunal in England empowered to deal with divorce.

The archbishop of Canterbury and others opposed the motion and the house finally decided to institute an inquiry into the whole question.

BATTLESHIP PLANS STOLEN

London, Oct. 28.—Discussing a recent rumor, in the house of commons today, Reginald McKenna, first lord of the admiralty, admitted that confidential drawings having to do with the construction of the Dreadnought cruiser Indomitable, had disappeared. He added, however, that as the British battleship had been in commission for some time, the missing plans had lost much of their value.

The loss of the sketches had resulted in the usual suggestion that they have found their way into the hands of the German government, but so far as known this is a surmise purely.

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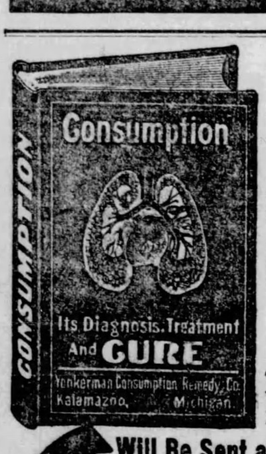

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BOTH HUSBANDS WILL HELP

No. 1 and No. 2 to Aid in Clearing Mrs. Dupont's Name.

Wilmington, Del., Nov. 2.—The suit of Alfred L. Dupont against Mrs. Elizabeth Bradford Dupont for slander was explained yesterday. Some of the statements which it is alleged were circulated by the defendant were derogatory of the marital relations between Mrs. Alfred I. Dupont and her first husband, G. A. Maddox, now in the west.

Mrs. Dupont secured a divorce from Maddox on statutory grounds. It was learned today that Maddox himself will appear here as a witness for the woman who divorced him. The alleged slanderous reports were to the effect that Maddox denounced Alfred I. Dupont for "breaking up his home life." The former husband will refute this by testifying against the people who are charged with making the declarations.

The estate of Alfred I. Dupont is the largest in Delaware, embracing 1,000 acres. He is now building a mansion with a frontage of 200 feet, two miles from Wilmington. This will cost $1,000. The multimillionaire powder manufacturer said yesterday that he would fight to clear the good name of his wife if it took his last penny.

DOG MOURNS AT BOY'S GRAVE

Unguided, He Finds Young Master's Resting Place.

Reading, Pa., Nov. 2.—How little Carlo, a brown-and-white-spotted dog, found the grave of his dead young master, Stanley Green, a Lebanon lad of 13, a mile from Stanley's uncle's home here, nobody can guess.

Stanley, long an inseparable companion of his pet Carlo, died a few weeks ago, and the devoted dog was permitted to follow the coffin to the uncle's Reading home, but not to the cemetery.

For days past the little dog has disappeared for a day or two at a time, and, finally, the keeper of the cemetery discovered him lying on Stanley's grave.

Friends were notified, and the dog was taken home; but every day he returns to keep watch over the mound, and is half-famished from his long and faithful vigil.

GOVERNOR CURRY RESIGNS

Denies Rumor of Disagreement With Federal Officials.

Albuquerque, N. M., Oct. 28.—Gov. George C. Curry, announced yesterday that he has forwarded his resignation to Washington and that it probably will take effect next March.

He gives as his reason for resigning the necessity of attending to his private business. He positively denies the many recent rumors of lack of harmony with the Washington officials.

"My relations with the officials at Washington have been entirely harmonious," said the governor, "and private interests alone have influenced my action."

PEARY BLAMED FOR SHAKE-UP

He Neglected to Make Report on Polar Trip.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The failure of Commander Peary, the Arctic explorer, to report to the United States government on his polar trip is one of the reasons for the shake-up in the United States coast and geodetic survey.

Peary, a naval officer, was detailed with this bureau to make observations on the coast of Greenland. When he returned to the United States he neglected to report. A request for a report from Secretary Nagel, of the department of commerce and labor, was ignored. This loss to the government is cited as one of the instances of mismanagement of the bureau, which may result in the decapitation of Otto Tittman, superintendent.

Commander Peary reached Washington yesterday, bringing with him his data and instruments recording his progress to the north pole. He explained his data at a private hearing to a sub-committee of the National Geographic society.

"INDEFATIGABLE" LAUNCHED

Fourth of the British Battleship Cruisers.

Devonport, England, Oct. 28.—The new Indefatigable, a larger and improved battleship-cruiser of the Invincible class, was launched today. This vessel will complete the qaurtet of battleship-cruisers of this type designed for the British navy. The Indefatigable has a displacement of 19,000 tons, 45,000 horsepower and a planned speed of 27 knots an hour. Her length is 570 feet. The battleship was laid down in January last.

NORTH DAKOTA COMES NEXT

Boston, Oct. 27.—The builders' trial of the second American Dreadnought, the North Dakota, sister ship of the Delaware, which recently qualified in her government trial off Rockland, will take place off the end of Cape Cod Thursday, after which the big battleship will be drydocked, in preparation for her official trial. The North Dakota is the first American battleship to be equipped with turbine engines and must make at least 21 knots an hour to come up to her contract.

PACIFIC ELECTS LOVETT

New York, Oct. 28.—Robert S. Lovett was today elected president of the Southern Pacific company, to succeed the late E. H. Harriman. The directors also elected William Mahl, comptroller of the Southern Pacific company, as vice president to succeed Judge Lovett, Mr. Mahl serving in addition to the other three vice presidents, John C. Stubbs, Julius Kruttschnitt and E. E. Calvin.

HACKED BODIES BURNED

Charred Remains of Four in Fire Ruins.

Bluefield, W. Va., Nov. 2.—The charred bodies of three members of the family of George Hood, an aged white man, were found yesterday in the ruins of the Hood home at Harper, and the body of George Hood was removed while the flames were at their height. The house was destroyed by fire last night for the purpose, the police believe, of covering up a quadruple murder. Robbery is believed to have been the motive for the crime.

Charred Bodies Found.

From the ruins the charred and blackened corpses of Washington Hood, aged 35, his sister, aged 27, and their niece, aged 12, were taken. The body of George Hood, 70, had the head almost severed, as was seen when it was dragged from the house.

The burned building was a two-story frame structure, the upper floor being occupied by the Hoods, while in the rooms below was a restaurant conducted by a negro. The theory is that the house was fired after the inmates had been murdered, though there is not the slightest clue as to the perpetrator. Officers immediately went to the scene with bloodhounds, but it is said that the dogs failed to find a trail.

The robbery theory was suggested by the fact that Wash Hood, on Saturday, had shown more than $100 in the negro restaurnat. A younger Hood was attending services last night at a church near the home, and it was from the church the flames were first seen. Hood rushed madly from the church. He fought his way into the home, which was already in flames, and forced his way up the steps until he stumbled over the corpse of his father. He managed to drag the body down the stairs and out into the yard, but when he attempted to go for his sister, brother and little child, he found every entrance closed by the flames.

Hacked With Axes.

When the flames had subsided the ruins were searched and the charred bodies were found. It was said by soem that the bodies of Washington Hood and his sister gave evidence of having been hacked with axes, but the trunks were so badly burned that this could hardly be proved. There seems little doubt that Washington Hood's throat had been cut before the fire was started.

The money that Washington Hood had exhibited in the negro restaurant the night before the fire was all in gold, but no trace of it was to be found in the ruins.

STANDARD OIL COMPROMISES

Agrees to Form Pipe Line Company Under Oklahoma Law.

Bartlesville, Okla., Nov. 2.—The Standard Oil company has compromised its controversy with the state of Oklahoma by organizing the Oklahoma Pipe Line company to build an eight-inch pipe to carry oil to the Standard refinery at Baton Rouge, La., according to an announcement made yesterday. Construction work will begin at once, and it is expected that oil will be running through the line by February 1.

This will relieve the oil situation in Oklahoma fields, where low prices caused by the inability of the producers to market their oil had entailed considerable loss.

The new company will be an Oklahoma corporation directly under the supervision of the state corporation commission, which has authority toregulate rates. The company will be exclusively a common carrier and will not buy oil or own property of any kind in Oklahoma save for the purpose of operating its pipe lines.

$2,000,000 BUILDING UNSAFE

New York Structure Cracked From Basement to Dome.

New York, Nov. 2.—The criminal courts building, which was built at a cost of $2,000,000, was yesterday reported to have been declared unsafe by the engineers of the bureau of buildings.

It is an eight-story brick structure and was erected on marshy ground in 1890. It is cracked from basement to dome. It is said that the building can be repaired by the expenditure of $200,000, and pending repairs will have to be closed.

TOBACCO AND SNEEZE KILL

Man Chokes to Death After Taking a Chew.

Malone, N. Y., November 2.—William Laflesh, 37 years old, of Franklin county, after remarking that he was feeling fine, took a chew of tobacco and sneezed. The tobacco quid became lodged in his throat and he died within a few moments, having choked to death. Coroner Oliver rendered a verdict of death from strangulation.

HIGHWAYMEN HOLD UP STAGE

Bandits Rifle Mail Sacks Containing About $5,000.

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 2.—Two masked highwaymen held up the Cariboo stage at One Hundred and Fifty-Mile house in Cariboo early yesterday and stole several sacks of registered mail. It is believed they obtained $4,000 or $5,000.

The robbers were armed with rifles and met with no resistance from the driver or passengers.

CANNON WANTS PROBE

Danville, Ill., Nov. 2.—One of Speaker Cannon's close friends said last night the speaker will demand an investigation by congress of the charge made by Congressman Parsons, of New York, that he entered a deal to block certain legislation at Albany in return for help to perpetuate the existing house rules.

The story sent out from New Orleans that the speaker attended a prize fight in that city Sunday night is untrue. Mr. Cannon left New Orleans Sunday for Danville because of a telegram.

The Terre Haute (Ind.) Star, which heretofore supported Mr. Cannon, came out in an editorial yesterday demanding that he be replaced as speaker by a progressive Republican. A Danville paper which has always been friendly toward him demands that he be defeated at the next election.

LOSE IN FIRST APPEAL

Gompers and Other Leaders Will Take Their Case to Supreme Court.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The district court of appeals today affirmed the decree of the supreme court of the District of Columbia adjudging President Samuel Gompers, Secretary Frank Morrison and Vice President John Mitchell, of the American Federation of Labor, guilty of contempt of court, in the Bucks Stove & Range company case. Chief Justice Sheppard dissented from the opinion of the court on constitutional grounds.

The labor leaders now have one chance left. They will appeal to the U. S. supreme court. If they lose there they will have to go to jail.

The court held that the fundamental issue was whether the constitutional agencies of government should be obeyed or defied. The mere fact that the defendants were the officers of the organized labor in America, said the court, lent importance to the cause and added to the gravity of the situation, but it should not be permited to influence the result.

"If an organization of citizens, however large," the court held, "may disobey the mandates of the court, the same reasoning would render them subject to individual defiance. Both is subject to the law and neither is above it. If a citizen, though he may honestly believe that his rights have been invaded, may elect when and to what extent he will obey the mandates of the court and the requirements of the law as interpreted by the court, instead of pursuing the orderly course of appeal, not only the courts, but government itself would become powerless and society would be reduced to a state of anarchy."

Chief Justice Sheppard, in his dissenting opinion, held to the view that the decree should be reversed, because he was convinced that the lower court was without authority to make the only order which the defendants Gompers, Mitchell and Morrison could be said to have disobeyed. The chief justice says:

"I have heretofore expressed the opinion that much of the injunction order was null and void because opposed to the constitutional provision concerning freedom of speech and of the press. Subsequent reflection has confirmed this view. I concede that the court had jurisdiction of the subject matter of the controversy, and of the parties, but I cannot agree that the decree was rendered in accordance with the power of the court—a power limited by express provision of the constitution."

The action of the supreme court of the District of Columbia in sentencing Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison, of the American Federation of Labor, to 12, 9 and 6 months' imprisonment in jail respectively, was the result of the failure of these three defendants to obey the order of the court directing them to desist from placing the Buck Stove & Range company of St. Louis, Mo., on their unfair list in the prosecution of their boycott against the corporation.

PRAISES ANTI-SUFFRAGE

Gibbons Expresses His Disapproval of Votes for Women.

New York, Nov. 2.—In a letter to the National League for the Civic Education of Women, an anti-suffragette organization, made public today, Cardinal Gibbons says:

"I regret greatly that I cannot attend the meeting called for November 1. Although my many duties will not allow me to be present at your meeting, I beg to assure you that I am most heartily in sympathy with the aim of your league, and I approve most strongly the stand it has taken in opposing woman suffrage, which, if realized would be the death blow of domestic life and happiness."

THREATEN MARSHAL'S SLAYER

Iowa Mob Captures Robbers in a Cornfield.

Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 2.—"Pat" Hatton, city marshal of Carroll, Iowa, was shot and killed by one of two robbers early today near Glidden, seven miles east of Carroll. Hatton had followed the robbers from Carroll, where they entered a house early last night.

A posse of 75 men, armed with shotguns and rifles formed an hour after the shooting and captured the robbers in a corn field. A mob was reported to be awaiting the arrival of the robbers at Carroll, and an attempt at lynching was feared.

NEGRO SHOOTS WOMAN

Claims Victim Put Poison in His Coffee.

Dayton, Nov. 2.—After sending a bullet crashing into the brain of Elmira Stewart at 26 Madison street this city, Monday night, John Ford, a Springfield negro, escaped and was arrested in that town at 9:30 this morning. The Stewart woman died at 7:15 o'clock this morning at the Miami Valley hospital, where she was hurriedly removed after the shooting.

When arrested an empty revolver was found on Ford. When asked for the cause of the shooting he said the Stewart woman, with whom he had been living, had attempted to kill him several days ago by placing poison in his coffee.

Ford was returned to Dayton this noon by Detective Kernan, of the local force, and a formal charge of murder will probably be placed against him in police court Wednesday.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $5.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

PEOPLE CRY HALT

Head of Waterway Board Says Congressional Methods Weary Nation.

New Orleans, La., Nov. 3.—"The history of the Mississippi river has been a story of inaction and of niggardly appropriations, which have been fought through the rivers and harbors committee and through congress without rhyme or reason. The whole valley is sick with the congestion of its transportation system, and only this deep waterway can relieve it. The people of the Mississippi valley must have definite assurance that this carrier is to be completed at a certain date, and that date must not be much more remote than the completion of the Panama canal."

This was the statement of W. K. Kavanagh, chairman of the lakes to the gulf deep waterway commission, before the New Orleans convention. Mr. Kavanagh declared that the people looked to President Taft for the execution of this great task.

Farms Dissolve in Water.

Referring to the chief executive's trip down the river, Mr. Kavanagh said:

"He has seen the richest farm lands in the world crumbling from its banks, dissolving in its waters; he has seen levees that protect 32,000 square miles of this rich alluvial threatened by these caving banks; he has seen the remains of uncompleted revetments that have been torn away by the river, because a neglectful congress has not provided for their completion, and he has seen a thousand-mile channel unburdened by a single modern vessel, the docks of its many cities unmarked by a single installation of modern terminal apparatus.

"The people will no longer tolerate the 'pork barrel' method of compelling government engineers to allot funds for river improvements, according to congressional districts, nor will they allow the development of the greatest of their highways to depend upon uncertain appropriations."

Dickinson Urges Caution.

Secretary of War Dickinson urged that caution be exercised in the plan for the proposed waterway, saying the work was too vast and costly to be improvidently undertaken. It so vitally affects the fortunes of so large a territory that no immature plan, nor one that will not be acquiesced in by the country, should have your advocacy," the speaker declared.

In estimating the cost of the work Gifford Pinchot said: "The 14-foot waterway board estimates that it will cost about $159,00,000 from the gulf to to the end of the Chicago drainage canal. Of this total the state of Illinois has already authorized the expenditure of $20,000,000. About $90,000,000 is estimated for the river below Cairo.

"This covers the regular work of the Mississippi river commission, and will be required to protect the banks, whether we have the 14-foot channel or not. There remains less than $50,000,000 as the total estimated difference between the cost to the United States if we build the lakes-to-the-gulf deep waterway and the cost if we do not build it."

HEIRS FIGHT FOR BODY

Daughter Sues Brother-in-Law for Possession.

South Bend, Ind., Nov. 2.—The fight between Mrs. Charles M. Treanor, daughter, and William T. Carskaddon, brother-in-law, for the property of Mrs. Samuel Good, widow of a millionaire real estate broker, reached a climax Monday afternoon when attorneys representing the rival heirs clashed in Judge W. A. Funk's court for possession of Mrs. Good's body.

The aged woman died Sunday and Carskaddon refused to allow the daughter to view the remains. He also refused Mrs. Treanor the right to have the funeral held in her own home. Attorneys for the daughter immediately filed suit for recovery of the corpse, through a writ of possession.

The quarrel between the Carskaddons and Mrs. Treanor broke out following the death of Samuel Good, husband of the dead woman, in February of this year. Shortly after Mr. Good's death the widow was taken into the care of Carskaddon, and finally, after trouble with the daughter, who objected to the whole proceeding, went to live with the former. At the time a sum said to be about $150,000, was settled upon Mrs. Treanor.

With Mrs. Good's death the fight for her property will break afresh, as she was reputed to be worth three-quarters of a million in her own name. The will to be probated in a few days is said to leave the entire estate to Mrs. Carskaddon, the sister. This will cut off the daughter, two grandchildren and two sisters.

WOMAN'S GUN STOPS PASTOR

Winsted, Conn., Nov. 2.—The Rev. T. K. Noble, pastor of the Methodist church in West Granby, has locked himself in his house because of threats of Mrs. Anna M. Fisher, who conducts a hotel in the village, although she has been placed under $1,000 bonds to keep the peace.

Mrs. Fisher blames the minister for a raid on her place Saturday night by the state police in a search for liquor.

When the Rev. Mr. Noble started to church on Sunday morning, he says, Mrs. Fisher showed him a revolver and told him that if he preached that day he would pay the penalty with his life. Mr. Noble took refuge in a parishioner's house and remained there until late in the afternoon. While the minister's congregation were wondering why he didn't arrive at the church Mrs. Fisher appeared with her revolver and everybody fled.

TO RESIST AIR ATTACK

Army Will Experiment in Shooting at Balloons With Cannon.

Washington, No. 2.—To devise some means of defense against hostile airships the bureau of ordnance of the war department is about to begin a series of experiments of shooting at air craft with cannon.

The experiments will be carried on at the Sandy Hook proving grounds, in New Jersey. Captain Charles De F. Chandler, of the signal corps, one of the two qualified pilots in the army, left Washington today for New York, to make arrangements for the balloons to be used in the tests. He will be stationed temporarily at Fort Wood, near New York city.

Use Three Balloons.

Three balloons of comparatively small size will be purchased, and it is for the purpose of inspecting and preparing for the care of them that Captain Chander was ordered to New York. At the beginning of the work only gas bags will be used, but as information is obtained the field of operation may be expanded. No one will occupy the baskets of the balloons when firing is in process.

No tests of this nature have eveh been made in America, and, as far as is known here, the only experiments of the character have been carried on by gun manufacturers in Germany.

The tests at Sandy Hook will be made with cannon now in use and such new designs will be drafted as the experiments sow may be wise.

Aeronauts Busy.

At the same time ordnance officials are endeavoring to devise means to reduce the effectiveness of an enemy's balloons and aeroplanes, the signal corps will be engaged in the problems of navigating the air with the greater assurance against successful attack from the land. Experiments will shortly be conducted in muffling the motors of the Wright aeroplane owned by the government so that the flight of an aeroplane may be made comparatively noiseless. Attempts to communicate by wireless telegraphy from an aeroplane will also be made.

FAITHFUL TO CHURCH

Mrs. Stetson Will Obey Eddy Edict.

New York, Nov. 2.—Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson in a letter to the press today announced her complete submission to the Boston officials of the Christian Science movement and denied she intended to secede from the Christian Science church.

The text of the letter fololws:

"The reports that I am resisting the authority of the board of directors of the mother church and that I expect to secede from that church and form an independent church are false. I have not said to any one any of the things attributed to me in the papers.

"On October 16, 1909, I notified the directors of the mother church that I would comply strictly with their orders and therefore would neither teach classes in Christian Science nor convene or attend my students' association. I leave all judgment to God, the righteous Judge.

"On October 16, 1909, I notified the directors of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, that I had so advised the authorities of the mother church. I also requested the secretary of my students' association to notify its members whom I taught in past years that there would be no meeting of my students this year.

"I shall never secede from Christian Science, and no student of mine with my approval will ever secede from Christian Science or disobey the constituted authroities of our denomination. I was never more devoted to the cause of Christian Science, to which I have given my whole life for 25 years.

"I was never more grateful, loving and obedient to our revered leader, Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science and the leader forever of all true Christian Scientists.

"I have labored for over 23 years to build and strengthen the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City. I have seen it spring from nothing to what it now is. It is for others to say what part I had in its growth. From what I have learned of its members by my labors in developing this church, and in teaching Christian Science to its members, I am sure that this church and my students everywhere will always be found holding the banner of Christian Science aloft most valantly and fearlessly when the enemies of Christian Science are most aggressive. Sincerely yours, Augusta E. Stetson."

FEW VOTE IN PHILIPPINES

Manila, Nov. 2.—A general election was held today throughout the Philippine Islands for members of the assembly and provincial and municipal officials. Little interest was shown, and it is doubtful if the total vote will be found to have equalled that of two years ago, when only about one in 30 of the population took the trouble to register.

Suffragette Is Jailed

Lady Constance Lytton, wife of "Owen Meredith," the author of Lucille and son of Lord Lytton, the famous English historian and novelist, who has entered upon a term of one month's imprisonment imposed upon her for heading, with Mrs. Brailsford, a dash upon the chancellor of the exchequer of Great Britain, in London.

LAKE TRAFFIC HEAVY

Much Unclassified Freight Is Diverting From the Railroads.

Washington, Oct. 29.—Traffic on the Great Lakes is maintaining its high average, according to figures for the volume of domestic trade from lake ports during last month. The bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor announced today that the traffic amounted to 12,527,865 net tons, as compared with 9,458,605 tons in September of last year, and 11,137,927 net tons during the same month in the year preceding.

There is a good prospect that the close of the season of navigation on the lakes will see a total merchandise tonnage equal to that shipped during the banner year of 1907.

During September 10,011 vessels cleared at the various ports. These vessels had a combined tonnage of 15,057,489 net tons. A noteworthy increase in unclassified freight, including packages, was a feature of the month, indicating that the business is being diverted from the railroads and the express companies. During the 30 days of the month there were handled 1,014,211 ton of this class of freight, an amount far in excess of any other month in previous years.

During last month there was an increased tonnage of soft coal, but a corresponding falling off in hard coal. Lumber and pig iron and iron manufacturers showed considerable gains over September of last year, but wheat, salt and copper did not move so freely.

BUSINESS IS BOOMING

Movement of Freight for September Shows Big Increase.

Washington, Nov. 1.—Prosperity has arrived, according to a statement issued today by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. During September the business of the country and the movement of railway freight cars reached proportions which excelled those of the same month last year. In fact, the bulletin declares, while the number of idle cars at the end of last month had not altogether disappeared there were indications that a car shortage would quickly develop.

These improved conditions are most pronounced in the coal and iron trades. The movement of lumber also was somewhat heavier. From Virginia and the Carolinas the shipment of lumber increased 56 per cent. over September of last year, but there was a sharp falling off in the quantity of yellow pine received at New York from that received in August, although the receipts were nearly double what they were one year ago.

There was a considerable slump in the receipts of grain and flour at the four leading seaports, and the receipts of grain at 15 of the principal interior markets likewise were below the aggregate for September, 1908. A similar condition is uncovered in the shipment of packing house products from Chicago, the chief slump being on canned meats, which show a relative loss over the corresponding figures of 1908 of approximately 45 per cent.

The report shows that the September total of cars handled was 2,993,003, or almost 10 per cent. in excess of the corresponding month last year.

CADET BYRNE IS BURIED

West Point Honors Young Victim of Football

West Point, Nov. 2.—Cadet Eugene A. Byrne, who died on Sunday as the result of injuries received in the Harvard-West Point football game, was given a military burial in the academy cemetery today. The funeral was attended by the entire body of cadets, the officers of the academy and the army post, and by scores of friends of the young soldier. The parents of Cadet Byrne stood beside the grave when the coffin was lowered.

Game Is Postponed.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The great annual football contest between the West Point cadets and Annapolis midshipmen, which was to have taken place at Philadelphia November 27 will not be played this year, final decision having ben reached today by the athletic authorities of the naval academy to grant the request of the superintendent of the military academy to cancel the game owing to the death of Cadet Eugene A. Byrne as a result of injuries received Saturday in the game with Harvard. This decision, which was made known at the navy department today, had been postponed in hope that some way might be found to play the game, which is looked forward to by the entire service of both army and navy.

BUYS A WIFE FOR GYPSY BOY

Father Supplies the Girl, but Chief Objects to Wedding.

St. Louis, Nov. 2.—Soon after "King" Joe Adams, of the St. Louis gypsy camp, returned from Oklahoma yesterday, he telegraphed his brother, "King Aleck, of Chicago, to intercept and prevent the marriage of Spero Nicholas, 9, and Mary Ubonlwich, 12. He requested that Mary be sent back to the St. Louis camp from which she was taken by her boyish Chicago lover.

Spero came from Chicago recently and became smitten with Mary. Nicholas George, the boy's father, went to Unanno Ubonlwich, Mary's father, and handed him $1,500, telling him it was to buy Mary for his son.

The betrothal was announced and Spero and Mary boarded a train for Chicago, where the boy intended showing his fiancee to his relatives.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Nov. 2.—Factors tending to reduce the price of wheat at the outset can be summed up in lower cables, liberal northwest receipts and a generally bearish setniment among traders. Rains through a large portion of the winter wheat belt wll be favorable to the growing crop. Continued favorable reports from Argentina and cheaper La Plata offerings caused a lower opening at Liverpool. Bull traders were encouraged by what they considered stubborn resistance to decidedly depressing influences. Despite the factors bearing down on the market, the disastrous results of going short in the last year or two prevent the selling interests from following their convictions. Toledo cash opened ¼c off at $1.21, December ¾c lower at $1.21½. May unchanged at $1.23⅝ and July steady at $1.03. The market settled about ½c all around in the first half hour.

Laxity of milling demand caused continued weakness later in the day, and the market showed further losses, cash closing 2c off at $1.19¾, December 2c lower at $1.20¾, May 1⅜ off at $1.22¼ and July ¾c down at $1.02¾. The market displayed little life at any time of the day.

Though cash demand was fairly good and the weather less favorable, corn opened lower, December starting ½c down at 60½c, May unchanged at 62⅜c and July ¼c off at 63¼c.

Corn values at the end of the day were steady to a shade lower. Closes were: Cash 63½c, December 60½c, May 62¾c, July 63¼c.

Oats was about ½c lower in all options at the outset, being governed largely by other grains. December opened ¼c down at 42¼c, May 44⅝c and July ¼c lower at 42⅜c. The far future regained the amount lost about 10 a. m.

There was little change in oats late in the day, cash closing at 44½c and July at 42¾c.

Clover seed opened 2½c off all the line, and save for a slight advance in the remote future was steady. Cash and October opened at $8.92½, December $9.02½ and March at $9.22½.

Receipts were 350 cars against 1 year ago. Clover seed was dull, closing values were the same as yesterday's finals.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
Wheat—				
Cash	1.21			
Dec	1.21½			1.19½
May	1.23⅝			1.20¾
July	1.03			1.22¾
Corn—				
Cash				63¼
Dec	60¼	60¾		60¼
May	62⅜			60¾
July	63¼			62¾
Oats—				63¼
Cash				
Dec	42¼			42¼
May	44⅝			42¾
July	422			44½
Clover Seed—				42¾
Cash	8.92½			
Nov	8.92½			8.96
Dec	9.02½			8.96
March	9.22½			9.05
Rye—				9.22
No. 2				
No. 3				78
Timothy—				71¾
Prime				
Alsike—				1.80
Prime				
Dec				8.10
March				8.10
				8.15

CHICAGO.

Wheat—				
Dec	1.04½	1.04¾	1.03¾	1.04
May	1.04½	1.04¾		1.01¾
July	97¼	99¼	96¼	96¾
Corn—				
Dec	58¾	59¼		58¾
May	60¾	61	60¼	60¾
July	60¾	60½	60¼	60¼
Oats—				
Dec	39¾		38¾	39¾
May	42½			41¾
July	39¾			38¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—				
Dec				

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—				
Dec	1.05⅞	1.06		1.05